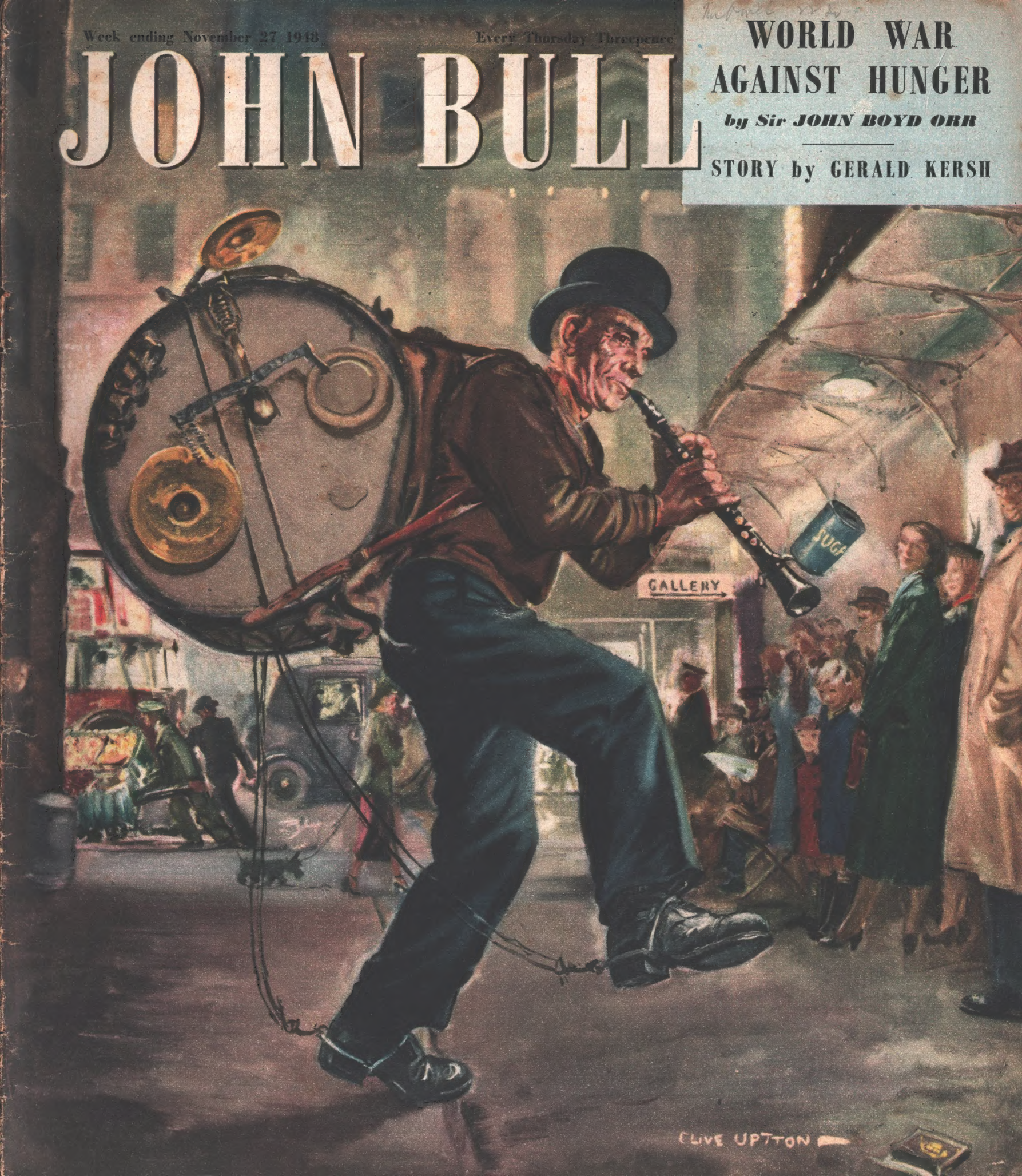
Week ending November 27 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

WORLD WAR AGAINST HUNGER

by Sir JOHN BOYD ORR

STORY by GERALD KERSH



SMALL ROOM'S SECRET

WHAT YOU NEED IS SOMETHING THAT REACHES RIGHT ROUND INTO THE S-BEND, THE PIPE AT THE BACK. USE HARPIC — IT DISINFECTS AS WELL AS CLEANS AND DEODORIZES

THIS HARPIC IS GRAND! JUST SPRINKLE IN A LITTLE AND LEAVE OVERNIGHT. THEN FLUSH. THAT'S ALL! THE BOWL IS SPOTLESS — EVEN THE PART YOU CAN'T SEE

HARPIC

PROTECT THEM FROM THE TRAFFIC JIMP

Too often, when youngsters hurry through busy streets, the result is tragedy. The Traffic Jimp treacherously distracts their attention from the most important thing of all: safety.

767 child pedestrians were killed last year. And 22,031 were injured.

Their best protection is Kerb Drill. They can't learn it too early, too thoroughly. Teach them . . . and always set a good example . . . so that traffic sense becomes second nature to them, a safeguard all their lives.

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

Don't throw out your blade

try a change to

Shavallo

SHAVING CREAM

THE LATHER STAYS MOIST

Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD. S.V.168-1157

My Lumbago *is nearly gone*

Phensic soon loosens the grip of pain, soothes and pacifies tortured nerves and muscles. A secret of Phensic's rapid action is in its quick absorption into the bloodstream. Lay in a store of Phensic tablets against an unhappy day — for Phensic will soon relieve your pain and cheer you up again.

4d., 1/6 & 3/8 *inc. Pur. Tax.*

Phensic

for quick safe relief

FROM HEADACHES, RHEUMATIC PAIN, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, COLDS & CHILLS

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEYS

"And I do come home at Christmas. We all do, or we all should. We all come home, or ought to come home, for a short holiday — the longer, the better — from the great boarding-school, where we are forever working at our arithmetical slates, to take, and give a rest."

Thus Charles Dickens captures something of the feeling most of us have for Christmas — the festival which beckons each scattered family to an annual reunion.

If you are thinking of joining the family gathering this Christmas you may like to know there will be extra trains during the holiday period.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

Introducing

VAPEX VOLATOL

Vapex in ointment form. A soothing, penetrating, warming rub for the chest. Non-greasy — does not stain skin or clothing. Ideal for children's colds. In handy tube pack.

Of Chemists 1/9

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD. V288

Have a CAPSTAN

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. C.C.726.B.A.

15 perfumes!

from all over the world blend to produce its glorious fragrance. This silk-soft powder gives comfort and daintiness to the most sensitive skin.

2/4

Cuticura TALCUM

HAVE A Bev!

A HOT DRINK IN A WINK

Made by Lyons of Cadby Hall

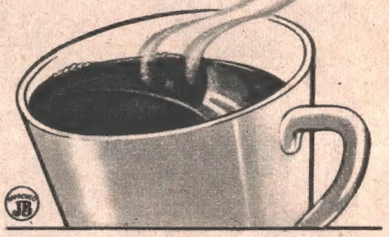
CVS 12A

Your money back* if your dog doesn't like New CHAPPIE dog food

CONTAINS ALL THE MEAT HE NEEDS

★ Send remainder in bag to Chappie Ltd., Slough, Bucks., we will gladly return your 2/- plus postage.

Priory Tea makes a good strong cup



FAMEL SYRUP

Goes to the Root of your COUGH

Wise mothers insist on the toilet roll that is made safe from germs with Izal Germicide

IZAL Toilet Rolls

LOOK FOR THE GREEN CROSS

Individual designs are here again!

FURNISH UNIT-FREE on easy terms at

JAYS FURNISHING STORES

IF YOU CANNOT CALL POST THIS COUPON

To: JAYS FURNISHING STORES
248-250 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1
(Branches Throughout Britain)

★★ Please send particulars of Unit-free Furniture and Furnishings.

Name.....

Address.....

JB 4 (1d. stamp if posted in unsealed envelope)

It's cleared up PERFECTLY

The soothing, cooling touch of Germolene Ointment protects rashes, cuts, spots, abrasions from germ-laden dust and grime. It hastens healing by drawing out any "matter". Itching, burning stops and little fingers no longer want to scratch. Use Germolene and skin troubles clear up perfectly!

Germolene ASEPTIC OINTMENT

for SPOTS, RASHES, SKIN IRRITATIONS, Etc.

1/6 and 3/8 inc. tax

GOR-RAY
Registered

skirts one better!

and no nonsense*

★ Do not accept a substitute — 'skirts one better' means exactly what it says

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street W1

MELACHRINO says, "We're for KOLYNOS"

LITTLE Melita, 11 months old, has the centre of the picture at the home of the composer George Melachrino. Her famous father and lovely mother use 'Kolynos' morning and night and so will Melita soon—because: (1) 'Kolynos' cleans *between* teeth where food sticks and starts decay. (2) No other toothpaste is so free from abrasives that can scratch tooth enamel. Only 'Kolynos' keeps teeth sparkling white so safely!

Only **KOLYNOS** DENTAL CREAM gives tooth enamel such *2-way* protection

A Christmas present you can well afford

Here's a really acceptable gift, at a price within your means. HYGEX rubber-cushioned hair-brushes—for men or women—will give years of satisfactory wear, yet only cost 11/6 in bristle; 16/- in nylon; 5/10 in wire. HYGEX brushes promote healthier hair by their deep, even penetration to the scalp. There are HYGEX sterilised shaving brushes for men too—from 5/- to 5 gns.

GOOD BRUSHES ARE STAMPED— **Hygex**

THE BRUSHES FOR HEALTHIER HAIR

It's Murder when shirts shrink till they choke you! So when buying washable cottons, ask to see the "Sanforized" mark . . . your assurance the fabric can't shrink out of fit.

Garments with this label will not shrink out of fit

•SANFORIZED• SHRUNK FABRIC

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London
NOVEMBER 27, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2213

Fleecing the Sick

BECAUSE THEY ARE outside the scope of the National Health Service, many private nursing homes continue to fleece their patients.

This racket—for it is one, though often conducted by respectable doctors, surgeons and psychiatrists—should be stopped.

After all, there is no reason why a sick person should be denied the law's protection because he happens to be able and willing to afford treatment at his own expense.

Fees of twenty-five guineas a week or more are commonly charged for mere accommodation and the minimum of nursing. Medical care and drugs are extra.

Now, even at today's prices, and in the more expensive districts of London, there is no excuse for charging over twenty guineas a week for a bed and the occasional services of a nurse.

The proprietors of some private nursing homes get away with this because there is a chronic shortage of accommodation for invalids and expectant mothers.

But overcharging can be stopped by law; other abuses can be checked by official inspection; and minimum standards established for private, as well as public, institutions.

Too many private nursing homes are inefficiently and expensively conducted in out-of-date premises, dark, dirty and unsuitable, bad alike for patients and staff.

The B.M.A. loves a battle. Let it turn its guns on its own erring members in the nursing home racket.

Nursing Reform

MEANWHILE, WE WELCOME the Government's assurance that very shortly it intends to take the training of nurses out of the hands of the hospitals.

It has long been obvious that the fifty per cent of nurses who quit during the training period leave not so much because they dislike nursing as a profession, but because they are frustrated by petty officialdom inside the hospitals.

However keen she is, the modern young woman will not submit to the kind of discipline which, in many hospitals, includes such things as bans on smoking, restrictions on where a nurse may go in her spare time, whom she should go with, and when she should return to her quarters.

If this reform stops the drift of girls away from nursing we should, in a matter of six months, be able to fill a great number of the 64,000 hospital beds which are still idle through lack of nursing service.

Road to Dictatorship

GENERAL CHARLES DE GAULLE, tall and aloof, sits in his five-roomed house 120 miles from Paris, in what has become the best-known village in France, Colombey-les-deux-Eglises.

He is planning gatherings of his supporters to tell them that Communism has suffered a blow through the election victory of his French People's Rally.

The truth is that Frenchmen, many of them uneasy about de Gaulle himself, continue to turn to him because they are frightened of the Communists.

In supporting him, the French are in fact taking part in a gigantic gamble which *could* mean the end of democracy in France.

The only safe answer to Communism in France, as elsewhere, is surely a programme of social reform. Now is the time in France for fair rationing on the British model. Now is the time, too, for the French Government to bring to an end the injustices and miseries which today give the Communists their powerful following.

Otherwise, the road is wide open for dictatorship.

Those Idle Acres

THIS WEEK, under the sweltering Tanganyika sun, 15,000 men are beginning to move out on the world's largest farm to plant groundnuts. Next April, when these groundnuts are harvested, there will be more fats for Britain. So good luck to the groundnut pioneers.

But why not, at the same time, a new campaign to grow more food and produce more fats in Britain? We can still do with more agricultural enterprise at home as well as abroad.

For instance, a group of farmers in Lincolnshire have become land winners by reclaiming 1,500 acres of tide-swept Wash—some of the richest food-growing soil in Britain. That is fine work.

But much more could be done. There are still millions of acres of idle land in Britain which could be put into food production without great cost.

An estimated 40,000 acres of Dorset could be developed with plough and tractor to produce £2,000,000 worth of food a year. Vast neglected stretches of the Fells also await development. There are 80,000 semi-neglected acres in the Exmoor area of Somerset.

We urge Mr. Tom Williams, Minister of Agriculture, to press on with plans for using those idle acres.

The Palace Baby

Princess Elizabeth will soon appear in public again.

Everybody—except Communists and fanatical republicans—will want to welcome the young mother and to congratulate her on the birth of a Prince. But neither she nor her baby should be expected to be "on show" for some time to come.

The days when members of the Government as well as the Court attended Palace confinements are over—as Chuter Ede wisely decided this month. But the physical presence of a few public figures has been replaced by a vast, world-wide audience. No birth in history has been more discussed and more elaborately reported.

Now we should surely give the new royal family a break—and let them enjoy in privacy one of the greatest experiences that comes to mankind, whether in palaces or council flats.

you're dressed *in a* **Burlacade**

- coats
- suits
- ensembles

Obtainable from leading fashion shops and stores at prices from 4½ gns. to 9 gns. Write for your nearest "Burlacade" stockists to:

JACKSON BROS. (MANTLES) LTD., 2 NEW BURLINGTON ST., LONDON, W.1

Taking it and liking it is a natural reaction to winter—if only you are fit. Your body will quickly respond to reinforcement of extra vitamins. Vitamin A builds up your protection against infection, vitamin D is the 'sunshine' vitamin. Both are richly contained in Crookes Halibut Oil. Take it regularly, and let it aid you to resist the attacks of winter colds and influenza.

CROOKES HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

C46

Hello beautiful!

you're on a good foundation

Carnation Milk gives babies a fine start in life:

1. It is more easily digested: *it is heat-treated and homogenized.*
2. Its top quality never varies: *it is scientifically processed.*
3. It is safe and pure: *it is sealed in air-tight containers, then sterilized.*

Remember, Carnation Milk is pure fresh cows' milk from which part of the natural water has been removed by evaporation, therefore to have rich, creamy milk you simply *add* water as directed on the label.

There's a lasting liking for Weston's Oval Arrowroot

Sweetish but not too sweet—plainish but not too plain. A biscuit for anyone of any age at any time, because it has the kind of goodness which all can appreciate, and because it is easy to digest. Supplies are still limited, unfortunately.

Weston's BISCUITS

EVERYBODY'S SAYING—

Have you got

HARTLEY'S?

The greatest name in **JAM** making

HAWKINS

Utility

WHITE TOWELS

Made to Board of Trade Specification and available in size 22" × 44"

½ Coupon each

PRICE 3/11½ EACH

Orders over £1, post free. Under £1, send 9d. for postage and packing

John Hawkins & Sons Ltd

Cotton Spinners & Manufacturers

MAIL ORDER SERVICE DEPT. J.B.10

Greenbank Mills, PRESTON, Lancs.

HAWKINS — THE FIRM WITH THE FACTORIES

HOW DOES SHE KEEP SO CHEERFUL?

Many women today are feeling the need of a tonic to help them to face present-day strain. Wincarnis, with its bracing content of Extract of Beef, Malt, and Sodium Glycerophosphate, happily combines an efficient tonic with the palatability of an agreeable wine.

For

DEPRESSION · NERVOUSNESS
EXHAUSTION · LOW VITALITY
POOR APPETITE · AFTER ILLNESS

WINCARNIS

'The Wine of Life'

12

BEFORE YOU BUY **ANY** WATCH YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO SEND FOR THE BEAUTIFUL **CATALOGUE OF**

CRITERION

SWISS WRIST WATCHES

containing actual-size photos of watches at prices from **30/-** to **8 gns.** (In gold from **£12.18.6**). All with the famous **'ALL-IN' GUARANTEE**

Model W.86 £5.7.6 15 Jewels

Model W.75 £8.7.6 15 Jewels

To: E. F. PETRIE LTD., J.B.54, 341 Brighton Road, South Croydon, Surrey

Please send me your **FREE** *Catalogue*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Shopping at the CO-OP *is MORE than just a habit...*

You can change to the Co-op at any time, provided you have been registered with your present supplier for 8 weeks or more. There is no need to give your Food Office a reason for doing so—though *one* very good reason is that then you can take advantage of the lower prices that C.W.S. goods mean. For C.W.S. goods are obtainable *only* from Co-operative Societies. Your local Co-op Manager will be glad to advise you on changing over, and will welcome you as a customer.

It *is* a habit, of course—a *national* habit; and that's not surprising, because Co-operation started in England and there are now over ten million of us in the Movement. But it is *more* than just a habit—it is *sound commonsense*. First of all, CO-OP prices mean an initial saving. Then, of course, the CO-OPs pay dividend on purchases—so you save both ways. They can do this because they have their own C.W.S. factories and you get a share of the trading surplus. That's why I say shopping at the CO-OP is *more* than just a habit.

An announcement of the **CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY Ltd.**

It's only natural . . .

. . . for her to enjoy the sunny hours by the pond watching the ducks dive for crumbs . . . she's seldom bored or fretful. But should some minor upset put her out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'California Syrup of Figs' to restore regularity, bright eyes and sunny nature. This kindly, pleasant laxative contains the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna. Purely vegetable and naturally nice.

'California Syrup of Figs'

Healing Warmth

To relieve the pain of rheumatism, lumbago, bronchitis, etc., apply Thermogene Medicated Wadding where the pain is. Its healing warmth disperses congestion, eases the pain and protects the part. Also wear Thermogene Medicated Wadding for extra protection against chill, particularly round your middle and in your shoes. Still at pre-war prices and free of purchase tax. Of all chemists, 1/3, and 3/- for the family size.

THERMOGENE

Medicated Wadding

For colds and coughs THERMOGENE VAPOUR RUB *Of all chemists* 1/6

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

TO MAKE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING A PLEASURE THERE is nothing better than a visit to one of the many W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshops. At each of them there is a good range of cards, calendars, diaries, fancy articles, etc., and a splendid array of books for all tastes and all ages. *Shop Early* . . . while there is still a good selection from which to make your choice.

W. H. SMITH & SON

Newsagents · Booksellers · Stationers

1500 BOOKSHOPS AND STATION BOOKSTALLS *Issued by W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.*

THE SWITCH FAMILY ROBINSON

It's that cut again !

THE BRITISH ELECTRICITY AUTHORITY HAVE ISSUED AN ECONOMY WARNING FOR ALL AREAS THIS MORNING
Oh well, that means we must switch off one fire-bar at once.
Pay no attention – I'm not giving up my comfort.
–BUT OVER THE ROAD
and so – THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO THOUSANDS OF BREAKFASTS
I'm terribly sorry, but breakfast is spoiled – the electricity was suddenly cut.
Oh, if only people would learn that it simply isn't worth keeping on the fire when there's been a warning!

ELECTRICITY FACT

One million 1 kW electric fire-bars add 1,000,000 kW to the load on the Grid system—the amount by which British Electricity are at present short of generating plant under normal winter conditions. In severely cold weather the shortage may be more than doubled. Switching on fires at Peak Load times is the main cause of power cuts, particularly in cold weather. Some electricity is better than none, so heed the broadcast warnings and help keep your supply going.

(*British Electricity*)

SUCH LOVELY WINE FOR SEVEN-AND-NINE

Our British Wines represent the best value in wine obtainable today, and the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality for over 50 years.

XMAS PRICE LIST

	Per Bott
RUBY and WHITE Good full bodied wines	7/9
BRITISH SHERRY. Brown Excellent for general use.	,, 8/6
BRITISH SHERRY. Pale Dry Superb flavour and bouquet for all occasions.	,, 9/6
GINGER WINE and ORANGE WINE Extra high strength of 32° Proof Spirit. Full alcoholic strength. Ideal for Xmas festivities.	,, 8/3

WHITEWAY'S BRITISH WINES

CVS-107

SMOKE to your heart's content

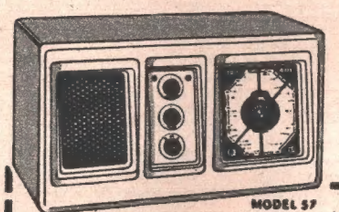
The perfect Herbal Smoking Mixture is Heath & Heather's No. 64. It costs 1/8d. per 4-oz. packet and is a blend of finest quality British herbs. Send 1/8d. for a packet of No. 64 to

Heath & Heather Ltd.

HERB SPECIALISTS

ST. ALBANS

RENT YOUR RADIO



- PROMPT DELIVERY
- FREE VALVES
- FREE SERVICE, etc.

A Small Rental covers everything!

---COUPON---

To RADIO RENTALS LTD., 92 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Branches throughout the Country

Please send full details of your Service—Rentals from 1/9 to 4/- per week—reducing after six months. R

Name .....

Address

WORLD WAR AGAINST HUNGER

by SIR JOHN BOYD ORR

Once the Western Powers and Russia agreed to a political truce, they could set their hand to the urgent practical task of feeding the hungry. And success in that sphere would cement world friendship as nothing else could

THIS DISTRACTED, poverty-stricken world is not going to get peace and prosperity merely by drawing up documents like the Atlantic Charter or the Constitution of the United Nations Assembly or a charter of human rights.

These are all necessary but they begin at the wrong end. If governments will not agree to co-operate such documents are useless.

The first step in the long and difficult road to world unity and peace is obviously to get the nations to work together on some concrete plan for their mutual benefit.

If we establish a world truce, a reasonable and feasible proposition, the countries of the world could, for instance, immediately work together to settle the world's food problem.

Why not, in effect, a World Marshall Plan for food, in which all nations could co-operate through the existing international organizations — the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, the World Bank and the Economic Council of U.N.?

This plan would aim at developing the great latent resources of the earth, abolishing poverty, doubling world trade. It could achieve concrete action and would be the one sure way to international peace.

Let us take a look at the food problem we have to solve. It is a vast one. One thousand million people—nearly half the present world population — are permanently underfed. Hungry refugees stream across the European continent.

In the newspapers we read of gunmen in Malaya, of bloody riots in the East Indies. Many of these people are in genuine revolt against poverty and malnutrition so terrible that they are often difficult for a European to envisage. And hunger, it must be remembered, breeds Communism.

Our Reply to Revolt

The fact is that, in all too many parts of the world, the available food simply will not feed the people at a time when population is growing, demands for new standards of living are increasing, and the actual area of soil available to grow food is, in many cases, on the decrease.

The only reply of hungry populations is revolution. *Our* only reply to this must be a plan to feed these people properly, and to lift the backward races to new standards of living.

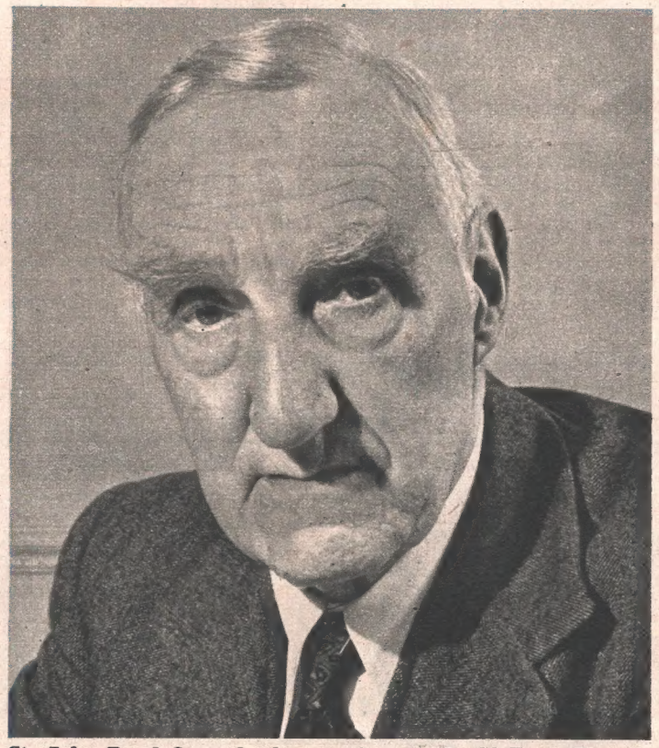
An important point to realize is that the population of the world is now increasing at a rate beyond the control of man.

It has been growing at the rate of over twenty million people a year. Within thirty or forty years there will be about 3,000 million people to feed.

How are we going to feed them unless we have a world food plan—not a plan locked away in a brief case, but an active plan of men and machines on the march?

Then there is another factor, equally important. The amount of land growing food has actually been decreasing for a long time.

In the nineteenth century food for an increasing population was got from the virgin lands of the Americas and Australasia. But today we have no new continents to exploit. On the contrary, easily cultivated fertile land is being lost through soil erosion and lack of agricultural knowledge and implements in, for instance, Africa.



Sir John Boyd Orr, who here outlines a World Food Plan, is recognized as the greatest living authority on the subject. He was Director-General of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization from its inception in 1945 until May this year

We are living on a plundered planet.

There, then, is the crisis we face. Only a World Food Plan, put into effect by a World Food Board, could avert it.

I believe that if every nation subscribed a tenth of the money it is spending today on armaments, because of fear of war, towards developing a better-fed world, then the present famine facing mankind would be avoided—and so would war.

But *would* all nations co-operate to provide the money, and the energy, for a plan against hunger?

The United Nations Organization already has the machinery for getting the collaboration of all the nations. Already there is a World Food Council discussing what must be done and getting agreement among various governments. But the World Food Board would need powers to act on its own accord, not merely to advise.

In discussing the problem of increasing world food production there would be none of the misunderstandings, the talking at cross-purposes that have marred discussion on the political plane. World agricultural conferences already held have shown that everybody knows what a bushel of wheat or a ton of coal is. Unfortunately, when an agreed plan of action has gone to the higher level of those dealing with foreign policy, it has been lost in the din and confusion of conflicting political ideologies.

Provided there is an ideological truce, the world can get down to the food realities which affect the daily lives of people in all countries—*and solve them.* The solution of the economic problem would pave the way for the solution of the political problem.

Suppose, then, that we got a World Food Board with power to act, not merely talk. What should the Board do?

First, it should start a vast flow of agricultural machinery and industrial products to implement flood control schemes in various parts of the world, such as the Tennessee Valley Scheme in the United States, or for irrigating deserts which can be made fertile.

The conquest of hunger means power for the plains of China. It means, say, half a million tractors, as a start, for the 400 million people of India. It means dams, bridges, jeeps, two million or so modern ploughs. It means food, but it also means that the Western nations will have to satisfy all the great and growing needs of the Eastern world.

In Africa, where Britain has started on the Groundnuts Scheme, we have found it necessary to bring in not only engineers but teachers. A world war against hunger means, also, a great educational drive. Ideas must follow in the wake of the machine.

U.S. Would Benefit, Too

What results could be expected? Under the World Food Plan, the soil of India and Pakistan alone could double its present food production within fifteen years.

Look, too, at the benefits to the industrial nations. The highly industrialized United States, which has doubled its industrial capacity in the last ten years and must find an export market to absorb part of its production if it is to prevent unemployment, would have a world market, guaranteed for many, many years ahead.

Then take Germany. The things the politicians are quarrelling about there are of interest mainly to politicians. Not one person in a thousand cares two hoots whether the U.S.S.R. or the U.S.A. is to have the honour and prestige of feeding Berlin. Let us consider the development of Germany and of all Europe, not in relation merely to Europe but in relation to the industrial needs of Africa, of China, of India.

To get action on this plan, I believe we should make a new sort of international approach. We should discuss things on which we are agreed, not the things on which we disagree.

How about Russia? The U.S.S.R. is already co-operating actively in some of the U.N. organizations such as the World Health Organization and the U.N. Economic Commission for Europe.

Undoubtedly she is afraid of war and has an almost pathological suspicion of the U.S.A. and the countries being drawn into the U.S. orbit of power. And who can deny that she has been given some grounds for her fears and suspicions?

Instead of wild political speeches blaming the U.S.S.R. for all the evils in the world let us praise her for breaking the back of the Nazi army at the cost of the lives of millions of her citizens and the destruction of her western cities. Let us give credit for what she has accomplished in raising the standard of the industrial development of her people. Let us specially commend her tremendous fifteen-year agricultural and forestry plan as a great contribution to the solution of the world food shortage.

Let us tell Russia that through the U.N. organizations we will give her all assistance in carrying through her fifteen-year plan in return for her co-operation, her resources and the help of her scientists in promoting this World Food Plan.

I believe there is a good chance that the U.S.S.R. would agree to a political truce and co-operation through the Food and Agriculture Organization and other

U.N. organizations in developing the resources of the world. I know for certain that the Eastern European countries, which are members of F.A.O., would welcome the move.

Let us lift world councils to a higher level altogether and see whether we cannot work together to save the world. We cannot do it without America; we cannot do it without Russia. But I believe it can be done.

How would we in Britain benefit? In terms of food alone, a World Food Plan would be the salvation of this country which, since it imports half its food, is the most vulnerable of all countries in a world food shortage.

True, it is already the task of the F.A.O. to promote plans for the development of agriculture and forestry. The Economic Council of U.N. has the job of arranging for the production and distribution of industrial products according to need. The World Bank was established to arrange credits for world development.

The headline-weary ordinary man may ask why these U.N. organizations are not working. The answer is that they are working. But their work is hampered at present by political conflict, which would be cleared away by a world truce.

The machinery is there and already operating in *an advisory* capacity, and—make no mistake about it—doing great work. Since 1946 thirty-five nations, working together, have succeeded in averting starvation in widespread areas.

What is required now is *power of action*. The nations of the world are in fact agreed, in principle, on plans which are above politics; the plan to build up, for instance, a world reserve of food against a bad harvest and to stabilize prices in the international market at levels fair to producers and consumers, giving producers confidence to go all out for maximum production with no fear of a slump.

All Set—Then Discord

Actually, in 1946, a plan for a World Food Board was approved unanimously and a commission of eighteen nations sat down to work out details. But meanwhile the international scene darkened. The U.S.S.R., for a start, became suspicious that a Board sitting in Washington would be used as an instrument of American economic imperialism, and our own Government showed no enthusiasm.

After this the U.S.A. unfortunately withdrew its support, and so today (because of political tension which would be eased by a world truce) we are left with a World Food Council which can only in effect make recommendations.

The greatest factor of hope is this: a majority of nations wanted the Board, and still want it. There will be debate and counter-discussion, of course, but what of that? Better a clash of tongues than a clash of arms.

To sum up: Given a political truce, we could, I believe, immediately tackle anew the subject of a World Food Board, and, in a cleared international atmosphere, go quickly ahead with plans.

I believe this World Food Board to be necessary because world hunger is a far greater menace to civilization than the atom bomb will ever be.

To people discouraged by past events, I say: we cannot build a new world in a day. We are, in fact, slowly discarding the mentality of yesterday and painfully opening the door to tomorrow.

It can be done. But who is going to take the lead? The answer is Britain. We are far too great a people to be a satellite of either Russia or the U.S.A. Yes, Britain should take the lead.

If this World Food Plan succeeded, the nightmare fears of civil wars and world wars would be dispelled, and a new age of world unity, prosperity and peace would dawn.

A LETTER FOR SUPT.

It was anonymous, but the Fraud Squad paid heed. Details like that letter were among links leading to the big Inquiry • *by William J. Gage*

IT WAS ON February 3, 1946, that the first letter arrived. It went through the checking system in the Central Office, then on to the light, brightly-painted, thirty-six-foot square room on Scotland Yard's second floor where Superintendent Arthur Thorp has his office. It was the first of a series.

The ordinary citizen who receives an anonymous letter throws it into the fire. He wants no truck with crackpots and perverts. But the anonymous letter which arrives at Scotland Yard gets very earnest attention.

In the Central Office, where they keep the files and records and maintain an hour-by-hour crime index, police officers check every letter in a daily postbag which has increased by more than fifty per cent during the last two years. Not one is thrown away unread.

Many big crooks have gone to penal servitude in the past because of information in such letters; one man at least has gone to the gallows because of inquiries which would never have been started without the initial unknown tip-off.

Now the most sensational governmental inquiry of the century, involving serious allegations against Ministers, civil servants and financiers, has arisen partly from inquiries of the kind first prompted by that anonymous letter of February 3, 1946.

It arrived soon after Superintendent Thorp had begun to organize the newly-formed City of London and Metropolitan Police Fraud Squad. The squad was born out of the experiences of 1918 to deal with the expected frauds of 1945.

At the end of the first World War, confidence men had rooked the returning Servicemen of their gratuities and savings. Scotland Yard, though familiar with the men and their methods, had neither the organization nor the funds to track them down.

The difficulties in pursuing inquiries outside the Metropolitan Police area meant that, even when Scotland Yard was in possession of the major part of the evidence, the criminal had only to disappear into the provinces in order to get sufficient time to cover up his activities.

So the Home Office took Thorp off his general detective duties. It arranged for his squad to have permission to make its inquiries in any part of the country and any country overseas. And it persuaded the Treasury to allow virtually unlimited expenses, provided the inquiries had been approved by Assistant Commissioner Ronald Howe and the Public Prosecutor's department.

For Thorp, though he had already made his name as a murder man, the new job was ideal. In his early days in the C.I.D. he had worked under George Yandell on the Harris fire-raising case. Three years of inquiries ended with a dozen men being sent to prison.

The subsequent fraud cases which came his way were handled with brilliance. Shortly before the formation of the new squad he had been promoted for breaking down a gang which had been supplying aliens with false passports and credentials.

When Thorp first left the local elementary school in Manor Park, East London, at the age of fourteen, he went to work as an office boy for a firm of solicitors. Later he got a job as a clerk in a broker's office in Mincing Lane. From there, just before his nineteenth birthday, he went to Ilford Police Station and enlisted in the Force. Keenness and an aptitude for detective work lifted him off the beat and gave him his first chance at the Yard under Yandell.

Superintendent Arthur Thorp, whose Fraud Squad tracks down confidence tricksters. A financial probe can become a very complicated assignment

He's Always Natty

Today, at forty-seven, he is a bachelor with a home at Chiswick and a bungalow at Burnham-on-Crouch. The homburg hat, striped trousers, black coat and rolled umbrella give him the look of a sedate managing clerk. He is careful of his appearance. His nickname, "Nat," came to him because, despite his heavy build, Thorp is invariably natty.

His room at the Yard is almost painfully tidy. There are two desks, with Thorp sitting behind the larger one, a small library of reference books on company law and fraud, a graph showing the day-by-day progress of inquiries—and a photograph of a small yacht he bought some years ago. Apart from country rambles, boating is his only hobby.

The occasional weekend at Burnham is his favourite relaxation after his normal sequence of sixteen-hour working days. After sitting at his office desk throughout the day, Thorp will often go out on his own inquiries at night, checking statements which he has found unsatisfactory or ambiguous in his subordinates' reports. His pay is less than £1,000 a year; many of his men do not top the £500 mark.

For the new squad, Nat Thorp recruited detectives with whom he had worked in the past. With Bob Stevens, one of the finest con-men trackers at the Yard, Thorp had investigated the activities of Ben Sashoua, a swindling company promoter and illicit diamond dealer

THORP

who dodged the law for many years until Thorp and Stevens got a deportation order against him.

With Stevens and Joe Kennedy he had traced the murderer of a ten-year-old girl through the discovery of an old shoe dropped over a garden fence in Manchester. With Guy Fisk, Thorp had worked for weeks on the murder of a Bedfordshire nurse and identified the murderer.

To Stevens, Kennedy and Fisk, Thorp added Ted Giffen—who had investigated more City frauds than any other serving officer—Tom Hayward, Bert Griffin, Bill Judge, Bill Bowler, Arthur Dawes and Wilfred Chadburn Chadburn is the Squad's linguist, and accompanies Thorp on all his Continental trips, since Thorp speaks no language but his own.

Thorp was even given permission to go outside his own area and have specialists transferred from the provinces.

Lectures at the Yard

Though all the men had previous experience of fraud work, some needed further training in law and accountancy. A special room was set aside at Scotland Yard where Thorp and sometimes Ronald Howe (himself a lawyer) often acted as tutors. These special lectures still continue as newcomers increase the strength of the squad from its original fifty to its target of 150.

With a handpicked team and wholehearted backing, Thorp began his campaign. The Squad aimed not merely to investigate frauds which were reported to it or came to light in the ordinary course of investigation, but also to watch out for the earliest signs of any new confidence campaign and scotch it before the general public could be cheated.

Nearly all con-men are known to Scotland Yard, and, like other criminals, are always conservative in their methods. They may change their approach and patter to suit changes of current fashion, but their basic methods of working remain the same.

It was comparatively easy for Thorp's men to keep an eye on the regular customers; for information about newcomers or old hands who had not been seen for some time they often turned to newspaper advertisement columns.

Rosy offers of employment or opportunities for investment are always read with a doubtful eye at Scotland Yard. The advertisement is answered and quiet inquiries made.

One man, intent on relieving returned warriors of their gratuities and anything else he could get, invited applications for the posts of area superintendents, whom he was going to appoint all over the country at high salaries. Since these representatives would be handling large amounts of money on his behalf, he stipulated that all those appointed to jobs would be required to deposit cash with him as security.

Detectives Called

It was a reasonable precaution, and many people would no doubt have fallen for the trick had not detectives called on the advertiser, quoted some of the many entries about him in the Central Office file, and asked for further details of the scheme.

The advertiser promptly withdrew his advertisement and went out of business.

Another gang of crooks, faking their own "export drive," formed a series of companies to swindle clients in Ceylon, India, Australia, New Zealand and Transjordan. Ted Giffen, then Thorp's second-in-command, sent men off across the world to investigate on the spot, and now has the case almost completed. In the meantime, Giffen has already had the ringleader sent to prison for other offences.

In addition to coping with new cases, Thorp's men were now able to deal with crooks who had gone unpunished for years because of the lack of a trained team to keep after them.

One man, who started business life as a barrow boy in Petticoat Lane in 1923, has, in twenty-five years, made a total of £2,000,000 out of bogus companies. For five years, Detective-Inspector Seymour tried to grapple alone with the bewildering ramifications of this crook's financial dealings. He built up one of the largest files in Scotland Yard, but never managed to get sufficient evidence at the right time to make the kill.

Now Bert Griffin has taken over, with a Squad team to help him, and there is at last hope of bringing the man to trial.

Financial investigations are among the toughest assignments for the Squad, involving long and exhaustive researches into banking accounts and involved company reports, many of them cleverly cooked by experts. It was to help him in dealing with them that Thorp insisted on the permanent appointment to his staff of Chief Inspector Bob Stevens.

Stevens has spent most of his police life in the West End, mixing with confidence men and financial tricksters, and often seeing them go free because there was no Yard machinery to conduct the searching investigation needed to convict them.

One man whom he is now tracking down is referred to by the police as the "Max Intrator of London." He is believed to have been selling goods abroad, cheating the Customs, and manipulating secret accounts in foreign countries.

In this case, Stevens is finding it hard to get the co-operation of foreign bankers, particularly in Switzerland, where much of the proceeds of the alleged illicit deals is banked.

On Track of Gun-runner

Besides exercising general supervision over the Squad's work, Thorp handles some cases personally.

Soon he will be bringing to court a man who has been dealing in gun-running and the illegal export of aeroplanes and armaments. The man has been a known crook for many years. He has very frequently boasted that the Yard's resources were not good enough to bring him to book.

The Squad's investigations stretch right round the globe; it is the most air-minded branch of the Yard. In Germany it even has its own semi-permanent detachment, headed by Tom Hayward, which is checking on the disposal of stolen war stores and has already taken between seven and eight thousand statements.

But the Squad still has its difficulties: lack of co-ordination abroad and even lack of a system at home by which it can call on the help of provincial police forces without sending its own men to investigate minor points. Members of the Squad feel, as do many policemen, that the Public Prosecutor's department is too cautious in following up their inquiries, always demanding near-certainty before any case is brought.

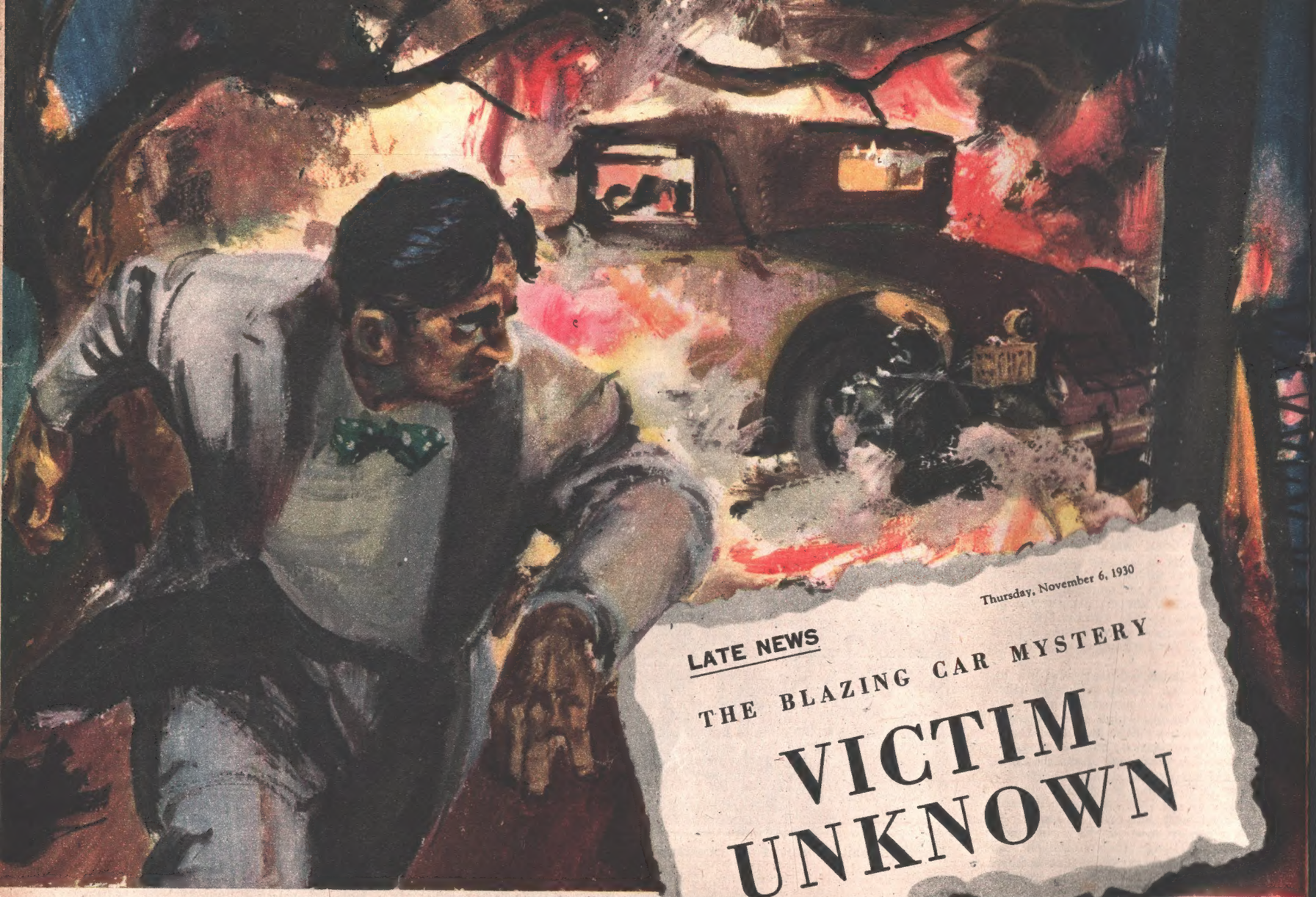
But the Yard's baby has begun life with a whirl of action, achieving results which are startling to former detectives who had to work as best they could among the impedimenta of loose organization, tightly controlled expense accounts and uncrossable county barriers.

It has burst into the biggest headlines with the proceedings of the Lynskey Tribunal. The investigation was carried out by a team headed by Thorp himself, with Bert Griffin and Ted Giffen as his principal assistants, and many junior officers not only from the Squad itself, but also from the C.I.D. sections of the Bow Street and Marlborough Street divisions.

The inquiry itself touches upon only a few of the many lines which Thorp's men uncovered during those investigations. These they are still following up. When they have the cases complete, the Squad will be back in the headlines again.

Yet it is only eighteen months since a solicitor casually mentioned the name of the Fraud Squad in a case at Bow Street and the magistrate asked: "Fraud Squad? Fraud Squad? What's that?"

Morning mail is sorted at Scotland Yard's Central Registry. Stray tip-offs often bring crooks to book



Thursday, November 6, 1930

LATE NEWS

THE BLAZING CAR MYSTERY

VICTIM UNKNOWN

ILLUSTRATED BY TISDALL

Pepper lit the match, and ran. Flames roared out. The Cadillac became an incinerator. One part of his life was burning away

IN ALL MY professional experience I never found a more fantastic story than the one that I stumbled across in Northamptonshire, which is one of the flattest, quietest, and—at certain times of the year—dreariest—counties in England.

The second part of this story is demonstrably true: I have refreshed my memory of it by referring to documents superbly edited by Helena Normanton, Barrister-at-Law of the Middle Temple, of the North-East Circuit, and of the Central Criminal Court.

Helena Normanton's admirable work is available in the Notable British Trials series published by William Hodge and Company, of Edinburgh and London.

For obvious reasons I cannot publish the name of the unhappy woman who told me that which makes this story wonderful.

She is a little criminal, a very little criminal, who, in 1943, was nearly finished. She was about fifty-three years old then, and appeared to be at least sixty-five.

Hers had been a squalid, miserable life. She was a servant girl, out of an orphanage when she was fourteen years of age. She got into trouble—or rather was got into trouble—ran away, took to stealing, served a sentence or two in jail, took to drink, and went down and down to the Devil. When I met her, in the few dreary hours I had to spend in Northampton, she was one of the walking dead—sick and tired—tired out, used up.

Her name may not be printed. There is a chance that she was lying, to get the few shillings she asked me for, and got. I don't know. But I do know that what she swore is true dovetails neatly with what I know is true.

So you must regard this story as half-fiction, because I cannot lay my hand on the Book and swear to the truth of the whole of it.

It begins with what was supposed to be the death of a racketeer in 1926—a gangster who, under one name or another, must have been known to the American police. His real name, the woman told me, was Pepper. He was born in the north of England, where he took to crime at an extremely early age.

This boy Pepper was highly regarded by his schoolteachers. He had a natural gift for arithmetic, a head for figures, and might have made a career for himself. But there was something wrong with him. He liked to steal. Pepper was turned loose when he was seventeen and a half years old; whereupon he stole his mother's savings and went to Canada.

When he was twenty-three it is on record that he was convicted, in Detroit, of mayhem, after a robbery in a delicatessen store. He was released on bail—jumped bail and disappeared. After that he married, robbed and deserted a prosperous widow whose twenty thousand dollars he had taken away to "invest." She never prosecuted.

PEPPER was jailed in California less than a year later for uttering a bad cheque.

After his release from jail he made his way northwards. There was some affair, touching the matter of carrying a gun without a licence, in Oregon, I believe. Soon after that he made his way to Chicago and found a place in Al Capone's gigantic organization.

He had never forgotten his arithmetic. The woman who told me all this was by no means sure of her facts; but it appears that Pepper graduated from common keeper of accounts to one of Capone's adjutants, and became a great collector in his own right, known to his friends as English Peppino.

I am informed that Al Capone disapproved of habitual drinkers. He was wise: the man who flogs his nervous system with drugs is unreliable. He is not fit to hold a position in an organization dependent upon calm, stolid silence.

While he was with Capone, Pepper (or English Peppino, or whatever he called himself at that time) dared not drink. Still, he was a drunkard at heart. But it is unlikely that he drank, even secretly, because certain kinds of organized lawlessness have their own rigid laws and terrible disciplines. A gangster may not be a talker. A drinker tends to talk, to open his heart. There is no place for the open heart and the open mouth in organizations like Capone's.

I can see the irritation of Pepper, perpetually watched, yearning for the unbuttoned freedom of the bar room . . . and I can feel something of his trepidation when he looked into the flat black eyes of the men who were watching him while he pretended to need nothing but

A STRANGER-THAN-FICTION STORY · by GERALD KERSH

You must regard this story as half fiction. But what the little woman told me dovetails neatly with what I know to be true—*Gerald Kersh*

the big money that was coming his way.

For he had become prosperous. He was well dressed and wore a three-carat diamond ring. Al Capone himself had given Pepper a crocodile skin belt, the buckle of which was of solid gold, set with his initials in little diamonds—and a cigarette case to match.

Still, Pepper was not happy. He wanted to be free to get drunk when he pleased. He hated law and order, and had found that the laws that govern the lives of the men who put themselves beyond the law of law-abiding men are terrible, rigorous, inescapable.

The underworld, because it is afraid, is watchful. It is hard to get out of the dark, once you have got into it.

Nevertheless, Pepper escaped.

He had, as it is calculated, nearly thirty thousand dollars of his own, in cash. His personal jewellery was worth two or three thousand dollars. He was drifting out of Capone's favour, but was not yet discredited.

He had received, from various sources, fifty thousand dollars, which had to be given to his master. This money, in small bills, neatly arranged, was packed in a briefcase. Pepper's private fortune was stowed away in a belt buckled about his middle, under his underclothes.

He felt that the end was not far away, and was wildly casting about to find some way of escape when, in Illinois, God (as Pepper is supposed to have said, being a religious man at heart) God, or the Devil, showed him a way to salvation.

There was at that time a wretched man called Moti, who was a nark. Moti wanted to go away—to go anywhere a long way from where he happened to be. Pepper had had certain dealings with Moti.

They met by chance on the highway. Moti made a gesture with his thumb, begging for a lift. When he saw that the driver of the Cadillac was Pepper, or English Peppino, Moti almost fainted out of sheer terror, but Pepper reassured him, saying that he quite understood Moti's attitude.

"You're a pal," said Moti.

"Forget it. How are you fixed?" said Pepper.

Moti shrugged, and Pepper gave him two ten-dollar bills, two fives, and five one-dollar bills. Then, waving away all Moti's expressions of gratitude, he said: "Come along. If you want to know, between you and me . . . now is this under your hat?"

"I swear!"

"Well, Moti, I'm getting the hell out of it myself."

Moti looked at Pepper as he might have looked at an angel out of heaven, and climbed into the car.

Pepper boasted of this to the woman who told me the story. "This Moti," said Pepper, with a leer, a laugh, and a nudge, "was about my size—see? Well, I ask you—what would you do in a case like that?"

The road was empty. There are great flatnesses and emptinesses in the State of Illinois. After they had travelled twenty or thirty miles, Pepper stopped the car and said: "Pardon me just one minute."

Moti said: "You bet."

Then Pepper went to the back of the car took out his revolver and knocked Moti senseless with a quick backhanded blow.

The woman told me that Pepper's blow killed Moti. I hope so, because he put his ring on Moti's finger, dropped his cigarette case into Moti's pocket, buckled his belt about Moti's waist—not forgetting to take away the poor little two-dollar belt that held up Moti's trousers; turned a tap, started the engine, overturned a five-gallon can of gasoline, threw a lighted match, and ran away into the shadows as a twenty-foot pillar of fire went roaring up and the Cadillac became an incinerator.

Pepper lay very still in the shadow of a hillock. He was big with triumph. Soon, a farmer would see a redness in the sky. The police would come. But by then the body of Moti would be unidentifiable charcoal; and out of the ashes of Pepper's car detectives would scrape Pepper's diamond buckle, cigarette case and ring.

Even as Pepper laughed alone in the dark, he bit his lip and struck himself in the face with an open hand. He had forgotten to take out the brief case full of money.

For a little while he gnawed his nails, thinking of fifty thousand dollars in the fire.

Soon, growing reasonable, he said to himself: "Why, that just about clinches it. The police will rake over the ashes. They might stop to wonder about the belt buckle, the cigarette case and the ring. But who leaves fifty thousand dollars to burn? Why, of course, that was a good move. When they find what is left in what is left of the brief case (the Treasury can identify good money by its ashes) then they'll know that must have been me, roasted in that Cadillac."

I am convinced that Pepper persuaded himself then that he had not forgotten to take the money away, but had left it in the burning car because it was clever to leave it there. As he lay in the cover of the dead ground, watching the diminishing fire, he congratulated himself.

The flames flickered down and when the fiercest of them was only five feet high the police came and the road was full of men in uniform, and the night was vibrant with sirens. Even then they could not approach the red-hot Cadillac, and did what they could from a distance of eight or nine feet, with small, portable fire-extinguishers.

When the glowing, twisted metal was cool enough to touch, the remains of a man were found: mere animal charcoal.

Pepper had the good sense to lie still. He regretted the loss of the fifty thousand dollars in the brief case, but was comforted when he thought of the thirty thousand dollars in his belt. He crept away before dawn, when everything was quiet. By devious routes he reached Canada.

In Windsor, Ontario, he read in a Chicago paper a dramatized account of his own death: "MOBSMAN DIES IN HOLOCAUST . . . CAPONE HENCHMAN FOUND DEAD IN BURNT CAR."

Then Pepper shook with silent laughter.

He had escaped.

He grew a moustache and lived for a while in alcoholic solitude.

In Montreal he met a foolish man who liked to play poker; won a thousand dollars one Tuesday evening, offered his unlucky opponent revenge on the Wednesday, and awoke Thursday afternoon seven thousand dollars to the bad.

Pepper went eastward and paid a heavy price for a passage to England from Quebec City. He landed in England with three thousand pounds in his pocket, and went to London where he met a simple-minded Scandinavian named Lofoten, who had several thousand pounds to invest. Lofoten was a fool. Pepper was an arithmetician.

The unhappy Lofoten had a deposit of pitchblende in Iceland, and only six or seven thousand pounds of his own to put into the proposition. Pepper, thanking God for a fool, played the simple Scandinavian for all he was worth, and recruited a man named Varga, whom he happened to meet in the lobby of the hotel in which Lofoten was staying.

Everything was arranged. Varga was to deposit seven thousand pounds. Lofoten had to deposit five thousand pounds. Pepper put down only three thousand pounds.

He and Varga should have got away comfortably with Lofoten's money. But Lofoten and Varga disappeared with his.

He drifted from the Savoy Hotel to cheap hotels near Leicester Square and in Bloomsbury. Pepper kept his clothes and for a time haunted the barren hotels near Russell Square, posing as an American eccentric . . . a Texan cattle man . . . an Oklahoma oil man . . . a Michigan patentee who knew how to save sixty-three per cent of the cost of running a car.

Pepper was a failure.

He managed, somehow, in a cheap hotel near Russell Square, to convince an old lady—a clergyman's widow—that there was a better way of investing her five hundred pounds than in opening a tea shop; and so he left London with five hundred pounds and went to Bristol, where he tried to convince a prosperous merchant that he had a new process for the refining of sugar. The merchant was no fool.

Pepper left Bristol in a desperate hurry. He went north; he wandered south-eastward; was charged with the theft of an overcoat from a car in Hampshire, and acquitted: and then, six or seven months later, took up with the woman who told me his story in Northampton.

She, poor devil, was a weak-minded creature, easily convinced. Pepper had had money. His manner demonstrated that he was accustomed to attention. She loved him.

He was full of great schemes. He needed nothing but a little capital which, in one way and another, she tried to give him. It makes a picture in my mind.

I see her slinking home, sinking into a greasy easy-chair, looking up at him with adoring eyes, and emptying her purse into his unsteady hand.

The quivering fingers close instinctively over the half-crowns, two-shilling pieces, ten-shilling notes, and sixpences. Then Pepper struts and frets, talks of great things, talks himself into believing in these great things, suggests that it would be a good thing to celebrate a little—considering that there will be a fortune coming the day after tomorrow—and takes her out.

At about ten o'clock next morning they are awake. Pepper's quivering hand finds one shilling and two pennies in one of his trousers' pockets.

He cries a little, and tells her to go and buy two new-laid eggs, and not to forget to bring back the change. The eggs are fried in the fat in which the kippered herrings were cooked the day

Thursday, November 6, 1930. Rouse's burnt-out car is discovered by the side of a country road near Hardingstone, Northamptonshire

before yesterday, and eaten with stale bread, while Pepper, reviving, talks of vast projects.

It is an ugly picture. The woman believed his stories of big money yet to come. She saw him as a gentleman, a clever gentleman.

There was, at that time, no way of shaking her faith in him.

He left their room at noon every day, saying that he was going to see a man about this, that or the other, taking whatever small change she happened to have in her purse. In point of fact, he steadied himself with a drink and then haunted the public bars, looking for someone from whom he might beg or borrow the price of another drink.

By this time he was no longer elegant. He was dressed in a fifty-shilling suit which she had paid for six months before, and had lost his hat. It irritated and bored him to shave in the morning.

ON November 3, 1930, he came home and said that he had "found a mug"—these are the woman's words. He had met a man near the "Swan and Pyramid," a public house in Whetstone High Road, and this man had given him money and bought him drinks. The mug, said Pepper, laughing heartily, drank nothing but lemonade.

The woman said: "I'm glad of that. I haven't got a penny, and I'm hungry. Are you hungry?"

"No," said Pepper, "but I've got something for you. You know what it is the day after tomorrow? Guy Fawkes' Day" He knew that she loved him for his "education," as she called it. He continued: "In the year 16 . . . 16 . . . 16 something, a man called Guy Fawkes tried to blow up the Houses of Parliament, and ever since then, on November the fifth, we burn him . . . in effigy. We burn him, I say——"

"How much did he give you, dear?"

"Half a crown."

"Give it to me, dear, and I'll run out and get you——"

"You'll run out and get me nothing. I have brought you something," said Pepper, and pulled out of his pockets two handfuls of fire crackers, stammering: "Celebrate . . . Guy Fawkes' Day . . . the fifth of November.

Please to remember
The fifth of November,
Gunpowder, treason and plot."

"Do you mean to say you spent the whole half-crown on dirty, rotten fireworks?" she asked. (I omit the other things she said.)

"Now, take it easy," said Pepper. "This guy is a sucker. He's lousy with money—he's rolling in it. He's taken a fancy to me. He offered me a lift to Leicester on Wednesday night. I tell you, he's got the dough. I didn't tell him my name. I'm no sucker, see? I put on an act, I told him I was a working man. And, look at me, don't I look like one in these clothes?"

The woman said: "I do my best for you, dear."

"Sure, I know you do. Well, I told him I was looking for a job, see? Trying to get work around Peterborough and Hull. So this mug says do I want a lift to Leicester, because he's going to Leicester Wednesday night. Listen, honey, I'm going to Leicester Wednesday night. And I'll be back Friday morning with a pocketful of dough. So sit tight and keep your mouth shut."

So, at eight o'clock on Wednesday night, November 5, 1930, Pepper met the benevolent stranger at the "Swan and Pyramid" in Whetstone High Road, and after several drinks they drove away.

Pepper was last seen by a woman in Buxted Road.

I have no doubt that Pepper contemplated robbery with violence. It is

conceivable, even, that in his drunken exhilaration he hoped to repeat his procedure with Moti in Illinois.

But the lemonade-drinking driver of the car was a man named Alfred Arthur Rouse, a travelling salesman who, having married more wives and acquired more mistresses than he could reasonably be expected to cope with, startled England with what the newspapers called The Blazing Car Mystery in 1930.

Rouse wanted very much to disappear. The appearance of a wandering hobo, just before Guy Fawkes' Day, must have made him feel that Providence was on his side.

One bonfire more or less is not likely to be noticed on Bonfire Night. Rouse picked up an unknown man, strangled him near Hardingstone and, having poured petrol over him, burnt him beyond recognition in his car.

HE was tried within the County Hall, Northampton, on January 26, 1931. Mr. Justice Talbot was the judge. The terrible Norman Birkett, and Mr. Richard Elwes, instructed by the Director of Public Prosecutions, were for the Crown. Mr. Douglas L. Finnemore and Mr. A. P. Marshall were Counsel for the Defence.

Alfred Arthur Rouse was convicted of murder.

Mr. Justice Talbot said: "You have been found guilty of that crime for which the law appoints one sentence and one sentence only. It is that sentence which I now pronounce upon you. Which is that you be taken from hence to a place of lawful execution, and you be there hanged by the neck until you be dead, and that your body be afterwards buried within the precincts of the prison in which you shall last have been confined. And may God have mercy on your soul."

Rouse appealed, lied to the last; and before the end confessed. This is his confession, published in the *Daily Sketch* on the eleventh of March, 1931—the day after he was hanged at Bedford:

". . . I tried to hit on something new. I did not want to do murder just for the sake of it.

"I was in a tangle in various ways. Nellie Tucker was expecting another child of which I would be the father, and I was expecting to hear from 'Paddy' Jenkins similar news. There were other difficulties and I was fed up. I wanted to start afresh.

"I let the matter drop from my mind for a while, but in the autumn of last year something happened which made me think again.

"A man spoke to me near the 'Swan and Pyramid' public house in Whetstone High Road. He was a down-and-out, and told the usual hard-luck story. I took him into the public house and he had some beer. I had lemonade. Of course, I paid for the drinks.

"He told me he usually hung about there. I met him once again and stood him a couple of drinks. He did not tell me his name, but he did say that he had no relations and was looking for work. He said he had been to Peterborough, Norwich, Hull and other places trying to get work, and that he was in the habit of getting lifts on lorries.

"He was the sort of man no one would miss, and I thought he would suit the plan I had in mind. I worked out the whole thing in my mind, and as it was then early in November I suddenly realized that I should do it on November 5, which was Bonfire Night, when a fire would not be noticed so much.

"I think it was on November 2 or 3 that I searched out the man. He was having a drink of beer and we talked. When I said that I intended to go to Leicester on the Wednesday night he said he would be glad of a lift up there. This was what I thought he would say.

"I made an appointment with him for the Wednesday night for about eight o'clock. I met him outside the 'Swan and Pyramid,' and we went into the bar. He had more beer, and again I had lemonade.

"I asked him if he would like something to drink on the journey, and he said he would. I bought a bottle of whisky. Then we both got into the car, which was outside the public house.

"WE drove first of all to my house in Buxted Road. I got out, leaving the man in the car. My wife was in. She had seen me draw up near the house and she asked me who it was I had in the car. I said it was a man I know, but she suspected that it was a woman.

"I said, 'All right. I'll drive close up in front of the house, as I am turning round, to let you see that it is a man.'

"I did so, as I drove out of Buxted Road, so that my wife could see for herself and would have no grounds for jealousy.

"So far as I remember, it was about eight thirty when I started off for the north with a man in the car, though I might be mistaken about the time. I drove slowly because I wanted it to be late when I did what I had in mind. I don't think I travelled more than fifteen miles an hour.

"I stopped at St. Albans partly for a rest and partly to fill in the time. The man switched out the lights by mistake and a policeman spoke to me, as is already well known.

"During the journey the man drank the whisky neat from the bottle and was getting quite fuzzled. We talked a lot, but he did not tell me who he actually was. I did not care.

"I turned into the Hardingstone Lane because it was quiet and near a main road, where I could get a lift from a lorry afterwards. I pulled the car up.

"The man was half-dozing—the effect of the whisky. I looked at him and then gripped him by the throat with my right hand. I pressed his head against the back of the seat. He slid down, his hat falling off. I saw he had a bald patch on the crown of his head.

"He just gurgled. I pressed his throat hard. My grip is very strong.

"I used my right hand only because it is very powerful. People have always said that I have a terrific grip. He did not resist. It was all very sudden. The man did not realize what was happening. I pushed his face back. After making a peculiar noise, the man was silent and I thought he was dead or unconscious.

"Then I got out of the car, taking my attaché case, the can of petrol, and the mallet with me. I walked about ten yards in front of the car and opened the can, using the mallet to do so. I threw the mallet away and made a trail of petrol to the car. I took the mallet away with one purpose in view.

"Also, I poured petrol over the man and loosened the petrol union joint and took the top off the carburettor. I put the petrol can in the back of the car.

"I ran to the beginning of the petrol trail and put a match to it. The flame rushed to the car, which caught fire at once.

"Petrol was leaking from the bottom of the car. That was the petrol I had poured over the man and the petrol that was dripping from the union joint and carburettor.

"The fire was very quick, and the whole thing was a mass of flames in a few seconds. I ran away. I was running when I came near the two men, but I started to walk then. It is not true that I came out of the ditch when the men saw me. I was on the grass verge. I did shout to them that there must be 'a bonfire over there.'

"I did not expect to see anyone in the lane at that time of night. It surprised me and I decided to change my plans.

"I HAD intended to walk through Northampton and to get a train to Scotland. But when the men saw me I hesitated and went the other way. The men were right when they said they saw me hesitate.

"I left my hat in the car. When I was driving, I nearly always did so with my hat off. I forgot, in the excitement, to take it out of the car.

"I went to Wales because I had to go somewhere and I did not know what to do. I did not think there would be much fuss in the papers about the thing, but pictures of the car with long accounts were published, and I left Wales.

"I was not going to Scotland, as I said. I just went back to London because I thought it was the best thing to do. London is big.

"In my attaché case was my identity disc, which the police still have. I intended to put it on the man in the car so that people would think it was me. I forgot to do so.

"I knew that no one would find out that the man had been strangled, because the fire would be so fierce that no traces of that would be left.

"I am not able to give any more help regarding the man who was burned in the car. I never asked him his name. There was no reason why I should do so."

If what the woman said was true, the man in the car was Pepper.

"He was a clever one," she said. "He was a gentleman. I'm glad that man Rouse got the rope."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Fair Shares

TODAY in Britain we have educational facilities that were undreamed of a couple of generations ago. We have abolished pauperism and sweated labour.

We have swept away the fallacy that health was dependent on a long purse. We have enlarged in almost every direction the possibilities open to a nation willing to take risks for the common good.

But I think we are in danger of forgetting one thing. We are in danger of forgetting to be good citizens.

Privileges carry responsibilities. It is not enough to be willing to share life's rewards. We must be equally willing to share its trials and rebuffs.

We must guard against self-interest—the very essence of bad citizenship—getting the upper hand.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Mr. Superman keeps a chart

It's a personal progress report of pounds and ounces and deltoids and dorsals. The target: a perfect torso ● *by Dennis Holman*

Seventeen inches of beautiful bicep that may help win a national title: Ivor Hyde and woman P.T. instructor

IF IT HAPPENS to be one of his work-out evenings, it is possible to watch Ivor Hyde strip for action and go into his strong, silent routine with the zeal of a holy man. Mr. Hyde is the most beautiful man in London; in fact, Mr. Hyde is Mr. London.

He is now in training for a national male beauty contest next year. It is claimed by the sponsors that the result will decide who is the most beautiful man in Britain.

The first of the eliminating heats will take place in Glasgow early next month. After that, tests will be held to select contestants for fifteen area titles such as Mr. Scotland, Mr. Wales, Mr. Midlands, Mr. West England and so on.

Winners will journey to the London Palladium to compete for the supreme title. Mr. Hyde is tipped as a very probable Mr. Britain of 1949.

It is possible to describe Mr. Hyde with intimate accuracy. He is thirty-one years; he stands 5 ft. 9 in. in his socks; he weighs 182 pounds. His chest measures 47 in.; his waist, 29 in.; his hips, 37 in. Neck and upper arms are 17 in.; forearms, 13¼ in.; wrists, 7¼ in.; thighs, 24 in.; calves, 16 in.; ankles, 9½in.

At eighteen, Mr. Hyde's chest measured 31 in.; his waist, 30in.; his upper arms were 11 in. He was fond of football and cycling, but started body building to keep fit during the off season. Results after a few weeks were astounding, and Mr. Hyde continued.

Won Twice Running

Two years ago he won his first title—Mr. London, 1947. The following year he won it again, though he was pipped by only a short head in the Britain contest that was held shortly after.

Mr. Hyde has been training hard since then. From the rate of his development, success in 1949 seems assured. There are about 300 rivals watching him with admiration and envy. The big event will be decided next October.

On the appointed afternoon, the bodies are brought one by one on to the stage, where they stand relaxed to be admired. They cross the stage a few times to show how gracefully they can walk, then demonstrate their agility with a tumble or a handstand.

After that they step up on a pedestal to assume in rotation a number of statuesque poses.

In the finale they appear together, and are judged on "harmonious proportions and handsomeness," muscular development, agility, vitality, personality and the organic condition of the skin, hair, teeth, heart and lungs.

The high-spot of the solo performances is the pedestal. Standing on this, with spotlights cunningly arranged, the background draped in black, the physique man goes through four poses—front, sideways, back, and one optional. There is more showmanship, they say, in three minutes of this muscle bravura than a mannequin can put into half an hour.

A physique man has a curious effect on the audience. At a recent contest women stood on their seats and screamed. Others rushed the stage, jammed the aisles. One of the judges said later: "I thought British women were reserved; these went crazy. One girl tried to take a photograph. The camera didn't work. She smashed it."

Mr. Hyde is a virtuoso at muscle control. His pedestal work includes isolating biceps, deltoids, dorsals, pectorals, and the abdominal, thigh and calf muscles until they twitter and flutter wildly.

This effect is achieved only after years of solitary, concentrated practice. Mr. Hyde's physical devotions occupy four evenings a week, lasting two hours at a time. Exercises are with weights. "Unless you use weights," he says, "you'll never become a superman."

He starts with a feat called "lateral raise," standing upright with thirty-five pounds in each hand, then raising and lowering the weights sideways—thirty times. Then thirty "slow curls" as a bicep tonic, followed by "tricep curls," "lying lateral raises" and various pulley exercises.

Thighs Like Hams

The toughest work-out is a "knees bend" supporting a barbell and 240 pounds to keep his thighs looking like indigestible hams; after which Mr. Hyde goes to work on his stomach and calves.

He keeps an elaborate chart recording progress in pounds and inches. The criterion he aims for is a torso shaped like a wedge, with massive arms, shoulders, chest, tapering to a slender waist, and a stomach corrugated like a washing board.

Mr. Hyde acquired his pedestal technique from studying photographs of other supermen and trying out the poses in front of a mirror. "Poses," he says, "should always be struck with knees bent and fingers curving or clenched."

One simple trick, known as "pumping the muscles," consists of doing a few quick work-outs before going on. This exercise can put an additional inch on the biceps and thighs, and it gives more tone to the skin. On the pedestal, he must know how to blend one pose into another. Above all he must be graceful.

How many prospective Garths and Tarzans are there today in Britain expanding chests and flexing upper arms? The figure has been put at a quarter of a million.

According to one physical culturist, the best physique men are nearly all white-collar workers. Few normal athletes, swimmers, or other sportsmen with presentable bodies ever bother about what they look like when stripped, he says.

It is usually the runt or the lanky skin and bones who starts body culture to look better. For these the important factor is that they look strong. That they gain strength at the same time is a happy and fortunate advantage.

Few physique men are interested in weightlifting competitions, as the sport requires specialized training that does not build them along the classical lines required for a Mr. Britain. Physique men are unknown as wrestlers or boxers.

At its best, with devotees keenly observing the rules of health, the exercise is about as useful as Army P.T., with the added advantage of its being self-imposed. At its worst, the cult of the body beautiful is plain narcissism.

In certain American physique contests, supermen appear in sequin-studded trunks, with eyebrows pencilled, hair "permed" and skin smeared with "tan." Some have been known to wear fake eyelashes. One said the reason why he did not win was that his make-up was not laid on properly.

"For the British title," Mr. Hyde says, "contestants are only allowed to rub oil on their bodies." This gives a shine to the skin, high-lighting certain muscles under the glare of the spots.

One of Hyde's serious rivals is Jim Elliott. Both supermen know each other, and of each other in statistical detail. Both study the same muscle magazines with the earnestness of theology students delving into the scriptures.

Exercises vary only slightly, but what differs is the way in which their indoor athletics are received by their wives.

Mrs. Hyde hates exercise of any sort, her husband says. Dumbells, barbells, expanders, are all anathema to her, particularly in winter when Mr. Hyde exercises before the fire.

Wife is a Weightlifter

But Mrs. Elliott is an enthusiast. There are photographs of her in several poses with her husband, and she exercises with a barbell. "Funnily enough," Mr. Elliott says, "though my wife is a weightlifter, she has never shown any muscular development. But that's the way it is with women. It's fair enough."

Mr. Hyde disagrees. "All a Miss Britain ever did for her title," he complains, "was as energetic as peeling a potato or washing up. A woman only needs to be born beautiful. A man takes years to build himself up."

STEEL—*a drama in many acts*

The ore ships and coal trucks unload. From the coke oven action passes to the blast furnace—then the climax in the melting shop. Here's an inside view of the industry that's in the news ● by HARRY HOPKINS

IT IS NOT UNTIL YOU are actually standing in the heart of a steelworks that you really understand why steel is the key, why steel is power.

Black juggernauts, wreathed in coiling tubes, thrust skywards, dwarfing their attendants as mountains dwarf climbers. Steam hisses, sparks shower, flame stabs at you, engines bear down on you, steel arms claw, there is sudden terrible thunder.

Here in this shimmering heat haze is the marshalling ground of a modern nation's might, the focal point of the labour of many hands, the apex of two centuries' research and invention.

The *Kerma's* funnel pops up abruptly the other side of the blast furnace. She brings ore from North Africa. Other ore ships are on their way from Sweden, Newfoundland, Spain, France. A transporter grapples with the ore in the holds, drops it, a rust-red mountain, off the quayside.

The coal trucks trundle down from the Rhondda, decant their loads into the towering coke ovens. Eighteen hours and the attendant rings a bell. An oven door opens and a high red-hot wall slides out and crashes crackling into a conveyor. Coke.

The ingredients of power are assembling.

The "scale car," Heath Robinson come true, sidles gently about the giant "filing cabinet," weighing out so much ore from this compartment, so much from the next, and so much limestone. Another car hauls the charge off into the sky—up to the summit of the blast furnace.

Coke, iron ore, limestone—and a tornado of hot air. The blast furnace is charged again. Every two hours the red rivers of slag run out in a reek of sulphur, every four hours the iron leaps forth in a cascade of sparks.

The Big Moment

But this is a drama in many acts. This is only the prelude. The climax is in the melting shops. Here is the big moment, the ultimate miracle of steel. Here furnacemen are setting a production pace which has put heart into the nation, turning steel, the bottleneck, into steel, the spur.

All round the clock, Saturdays, Sundays, Easter, Christmas, the work goes on in the massive dirty-red barn that dwarfs Port Talbot Station. As the night trains slide into the platform, lights blaze in the melting shop, its six high chimneys outlined against the clouds.

In the sample passer's little room, Gerwyn Thomas, tall, loose limbed, Welsh eyed, in G.I. blouse and felt hat, awaits the tapping of the "X." The "X" is the shop's newest, oil-fired furnace.

But the "X" is late tonight. With furnaces you never know. Each has its idiosyncrasies. "They're almost human in a way," says Thomas.

Bryn Davies, lord of the "X," a wiry five feet, thrusts his long steel spoon into the molten maw, brings out a cupful from the fiery heart. The sparks twinkle prettily as he pours it, searing, incandescent, into the sample mould.

Third hand Morris Collins hammers the red-hot sample flatter, cools it off in a tin of water. Tommy Pinkham, helper, drills a hole in it, carries the drillings down to the lab. Ex-commando Pinkham hands over the "X's" fourth sample tonight to ex-stretcher-bearer Graham Roberts.

The lab is unimpressive, hole and corner. Yet here is the heart of the matter. For today's steel is not just steel, any steel. It is steel composed to a purpose. X 222 is high-tensile steel for Wolseleys. It will end as wheel discs, absorbing the strains of a hundred thousand cars. It will do just what is required of it, no more, no less. The recipe is precisely calculated, as precisely executed.

"In a way it's a bit like being a chef," cracks weighman Brian Davies in his little cabin on the edge of the furnace stage, like the bridge of a ship.

Another Davies takes over. As the furnace doors rise and fall, three to each furnace, charger-driver Tommy Davies, at the levers in his cabin, blue spectacled, drives forward into the searing glow, dropping each box of scrap just where the furnace needs it. All through the shift his charger retreats, wheels, advances, shovelling up the boxes of scrap, shooting out its jaws like a neolithic monster.

Twenty minutes since helper Pinkham took the sample down to the lab. Here he is, back again, with a little oblong of paper. *Carbon — sulphur — phosphorus — manganese.* Sample-passer Thomas nods his head. That's pretty nearly it. . . .

It's eleven hours since the "X" started charging. First, the twelve tons of scrap on the bottom; then the layer of limestone to form slag; then Tommy Davies charging in again with another twenty-five tons of scrap; and another lot of limestone.

Cook for five hours, then order up your molten iron from the blast furnaces. Add, to make forty per cent of the total charge. Then melt the lot for three hours, giving the furnace all she'll take.

She's been "boiling" for an hour now. The heat reaches out and pushes you back. It reminds you of those schoolbook pictures of the days before the earth cooled down.

A whistle shrills through the shop. It's all hands to the "X" now. The men form a radiant half circle hurling rust-brown rocks into the flame with a practised flick of their long-handled shovels. The rocks are five hundredweight of manganese, carefully calculated to redress the balance of the steel.

Action switches to the back of the furnace. Second hand melter Dick Davies — we're all Davieses here — crouches gently, cutting away the ball of clay that holds the fury in. A chain of men suddenly fling themselves upon the rows of little bags of anthracite coal, hurl exactly twenty-seven of them over the rail into the enormous ladle that waits below. That's the rest of sample passer Thomas's add-and-subtract sum to bring X 222's carbon content up to specification.

The tempo is quickening now. With his long steel bar, Dick Davies works up towards the heart of the furnace, clearing away the dolomite filling, enlarging the hole to the size his mate on the earlier shift built it. Slowly, as he works, the dull-red glow brightens.

Terence Cuneo made on-the-spot notes for this painting. Automatic charger thrusts load into furnace. Old scrap will become new metal

Oh, for a Pint!

Rivers of sweat course down Davies's face. He says: "A pint of beer'll put all that right in a minute." It seems hard to believe that men can thrive in such an inferno: yet furnacemen live and work to ripe old ages. They look after themselves, wear flannel shirts, tie their socks under the knee to keep out draughts.

But tough as it is, Dick Davies, who speaks Welsh and sings in the local choir on days off, is proud of his craft. All the same, his boy's not coming in the melting shops if he knows anything about it. Why? Not enough food for one thing. Despite their herculean labours, furnacemen get no extra rations.

At the end of the tapping hole, long dark telescope, the red sharpens to a point of blazing white. Now only a frail wall, two or three inches of dolomite, holds in eighty tons of incandescent metal, 1,600 degrees centigrade.

The work goes with a swing. For all the heat there is no lassitude here. The steel men get one Saturday or Sunday off in seven, work one night shift week in seven weeks.

These things they take for granted. They know what steel is and what steel means to Britain. Nationalisation does not greatly excite them. "Of course the basic industries should be nationalised," says first hand melter Bryn Davies. "But we shall still have to work. It won't make much difference to the man at the end of the shovel."

One thing, though, does rankle. What Davies called the "luxury trades." All the time, he says, these luxury trades get shorter and shorter hours, cushier conditions, better pay, music while you work, free teas. All the time the basic industries, the industries that matter, are just asked to work longer and longer. The steel men don't mind working, but

Long view of the "shop" at Port Talbot. Though one thing does rankle, workers here are happy team.—*John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp*

they don't like working while others sit watching them.

The climax of the shift has arrived. Crouching at the "X's" tap-hole, Dick Davies gently "tickles" the last inch or two away with the long steel "pricker."

Suddenly the yellow-white river is flowing. Half a second, and, oooooph! the golden fury bursts upon us. A convulsion. Flames and fumes and sparks and heat envelop us, vaulting to the roof, bellying out like a visitation.

All are rooted in awe and wonder. Sixty seconds pass. We are still there, just as we were—except for the cinders in our clothes and on our hair—and the molten river is flowing smoothly into the vast ladle below. The heat rolls in waves about us.

Outside, in the silent streets of the town, the tapping of the "X" bathed a thousand bedrooms in its glow, turned a low cloud an eerie crimson. Down below, in the "pit," the lake of liquid fire rises steadily towards the rim of the ladle. A thick scum, black and silver, grows on the top, goes creeping towards the side of the ladle, cracking like volcanic lava, spilling turbulently over. . . . This is the dross, the scum.

The crane cradles the massive cauldron of molten steel, gently swings it over the rows of ingot moulds, prepared, given their coating of plumbago and water by pitman Dick Beddow.

Teemer Bill Jones gives the word and a smooth column of incandescence drops from the bottom of the ladle, begins to slide into the mould. Okay, she's pouring well. The ladle will stay over the mould for five minutes, then move on to the next one. It will fill eight moulds—seventy-five tons at around £25 a ton, £1,875 of high-grade steel: a nice trick if you can do it, by any token a sizable plus sign in the night shift's productivity column.

Promotion Ladder

Back at the "X," Dick Davies is already "mending" the tap hole with dolomite and clay, ready for the next charge. Down below in the "pit," Dick Parry is weighing out the powdered dolomite pulverized under the big grindstones from Shropshire.

Twenty-eight years old, due to be married at Christmas, Dick came into steel from the Navy, now has his feet on the third rung of the melting shops promotion ladder.

It's a long and remarkable ladder. It starts around the age of twenty ("no work for boys here!") with the loading of scale and coal and clay and fluorspar. then climbs at a stately pace through a long series of nicely defined graduations to the aristocratic position of first hand melter, reached perhaps somewhere between the ages of forty-five and fifty. The ground-level boys start at around £4 a week, the top-rung chaps get upwards of £15—and every step up the ladder brings its step-up in pay.

First helper Tommy Pinkham came up from the dolomite dump in the unusually short time of eleven months. He was lucky—and now there's only one man ahead of him before promotion to third hand melter at upwards of £8 a week. Meantime, Dick Parry's next step-up will be to second helper, and pitman Beddow, who's just come up from ladleman, is rejoicing at the extra money. ("Don't tell them how much we get," appeals first hand Davies, "they'll be waiting for us like vultures.")

Straight Talk

There's nothing flat and automatic about pay packets in steel. Most of the men in this sharply unegalitarian society won't know just how much they're getting till Monday, when the week's tonnage figure goes up in chalk on the wall of weighman Davies's little cabin. Slacking, anywhere along the line, may put the whole shop's pay down. Records put it up.

Is that—the pay escalator, the payment on output—the secret of the industry's remarkable record of no strikes within living memory? I asked the men on Furnace "X."

Bryn Davies said: "Yes—and straight talking all round!" Dick Davies said: "The bosses and the men work in with one another more." Charger-driver Tommy Davies said: "Well, we've got arbitration. Everything gets taken up. It always goes through." Foreman Gerwyn Thomas added: "And we've got a good system of foremen's and works councils. We know what's going on, and every manager in the plant is approachable."

No question, this industry has something. While elsewhere output per man remains obstinately stationary, in the melting shops and rolling mills it has leapt by thirty-four per cent on 1938.

Britain's best export hopes—machinery, machine tools, generators, motor cars, rails—demand steel that is good, plentiful and cheap. British steel has always been good. It has not always been either plentiful or cheap.

For this country paid a heavy price for being the world pioneer of steel. We built our plants too early to benefit by the economies technical advance brought to later starters. So, today, the redesigning of our steel industry has become the core of our national re-equipment programme. And the keywords are two: integration, standardization.

Integration means vast, minutely planned works—iron ore going in at one end, sheet steel rolling out at the other—cutting heavy transport costs in shuttling raw materials about the country, conserving heat, fully utilizing by-products, applying to the raw materials of steel the motto of the meat packers: "Everything of the pig except the squeal."

Standardization means colossal, fabulously costly mills hurling out rolls and sheets and bars of steel as a newspaper press reels off newspapers.

At this little South Wales town of Port Talbot both of these principles are now to be given a striking demonstration. Four neighbouring steel companies have put their resources together in the Steel Company of Wales to give shape here to the British steel industry of tomorrow.

In the old Guest Keen Baldwin works at Port Talbot ship berths are being extended, new transporters erected, the line of coke ovens doubled. An outsize new blast furnace rises into the sky. But for the key to it all you must go to the Margam foreshore.

In March last year there was nothing there but a waste of salt marsh and sandhills, sanctuary of migrating Siberian geese. Go there today and you travel by a wide concrete approach road, cross a fine railway bridge and find yourself in the middle of a spectacular transformation scene which today represents Britain's biggest constructional enterprise.

Stretching away before you almost as far as the eye can see, foundations are rising out of the ground, men crawl about girders, the yellow lorries of the contractors criss-cross the scarred earth. Every day 5,000 workers arrive by sixty buses and two special trains, which stop at a newly constructed halt. Over an area twice the size of Hyde Park they go to work, moving millions of tons of sand and slag, raising the ground level by twelve feet, driving 33,000 piles thirty feet into the sand to form the foundation of the most modern steel mill in Britain—£60,000,000 instalment of steel's £200,000,000 re-equipment plan.

By 1951, between the wharf in Port Talbot where the ore ships come in and the end of the new continuous hot-strip mill, from which six-foot wide thin sheet will hurtle at twenty-five miles per hour, will lie four and a half miles of the most modern steel works in Europe. And Britain will have another million tons of steel sheet a year to strengthen our export lifeline.

It's Sleeves Up

Already pilgrims from all over the world are travelling to this South Wales Boom Town to watch Britain's "Steel Coast" taking shape. Today, behind the roar of the rolling mills, they are aware of a more distant thunder, the thunder of political controversy, the bitterest since Labour's victory.

But whatever the outcome of the political battle over steel, the larger interests of humanity today emphatically demand that managers and men carry on their sleeves-up partnership to break production records and build a modern British steel industry that can forge the framework of European prosperity.

A framework of steel.

Key to Our Prosperity

STEEL dominates our national economy and is the backbone of our export trade. It is exported both as raw material and as finished goods, such as cars, tractors, machine tools, cutlery.

There are some 460,000 workers in the industry. Production target for the year is 14,500,000 tons. Output in September was at the rate of 15,435,000 tons a year.

In 1946 the Government set up the Iron and Steel Board. Two months ago all its members, except the worker representatives, refused to extend their period of service.

The Iron and Steel Bill, now before Parliament, states that 107 major firms will be nationalised. They will continue as separate units under their existing names and managements. But from the vesting date, probably May 1, 1950, these companies will be responsible to the Iron and Steel Corporation of Great Britain instead of to private shareholders. Motor-vehicle manufacturers are not included in the scheme.

The Minister of Supply will appoint the new Corporation's chairman and members.

Miss Eileen Davidson while on farm. She criticizes Land Army officials

FREE SPEECH

THE R.A.F.'S DECISION to pay all prize money to Air Force charities is admirable. The other Services should copy it instead of sharing the money out among men who happen to have fulfilled certain conditions of service, as is the present Navy practice.

It is right that the money should go where it is most needed—to the relatives of men who have died or to men who have been disabled in the service of their king and country.—ALLEN FERGUSON, Worcester College, Oxford.

Courtesy in Britain . . .

MONEY MAY BE SHORT, but politeness has returned. Tradesmen have begun to call me "Madam" again, and one shop assistant actually *told* me they'd just got some sardines in! Does it really take fear of some kind to make people "nice"?—MRS. M. RICH, 200 Bedford Hill, Balham, London, S.W.12.

. . . and in America

THREE WEEKS AGO I wrote to a firm of publishers in New York to see if I could have a typed copy of a missing page in an electrical textbook I had bought secondhand.

I was surprised and gratified to hear from them by air mail that they were sending me the complete book without charge. This is the sort of generous service that we in Britain have forgotten. —HENRY SIMPLE, 86 Stanhope Street, Belfast.

Babies in Cinemas

WHEN WILL ALL CINEMAS follow the lead of the few who refuse to admit babies in arms? Apart from the annoyance caused by crying infants, it is pathetic to see very young children in the stuffy, germ-laden atmosphere of the cinema.

If parents are too selfish to remain at home with a child, cinema managers should forbid the admission of babies.—MRS. MONICA HUNTER, 14 Ledstone Road, Sheffield, 8.

Dark in Abertwsswg

W. Sandford

HOUSING output figures are going up—but, I feel, at the expense of the quality of the houses.

I am living in one of sixteen houses which took about eighteen months to erect. I have been a tenant for nearly seven months, and we still haven't any lighting installed, and have to use candles. We have pestered the local council, and have also personally seen Aneurin Bevan, but without result. —W. SANDFORD, 29 Carn-y-Tyla Terrace, Abertwsswg, Mon.

Why Land Girls Leave

EVERY WEEK 150 land girls leave their jobs. They'll go on doing so, as long as the present unimaginative, inexperienced officials are in charge.

When I complained of very poor sanitary arrangements and inferior food, I was told by an official that I was a troublemaker and a disgrace to the uniform, and that the sooner I got out of it the better. Needless to say, I did clear out.

I agree that discipline must be maintained, but we need county secretaries, organizers and district leaders who have had experience of land work, and know what it's like to rise at five to milk cows and to pull frosty mangolds. People like these—not just good social mixers who are well in with county "sets"—are needed if the Land Army is to do its job properly.—EILEEN DAVIDSON, 19 Westfield Drive, Knutsford, Cheshire.

Brought Prices Down

THE LETTER FROM MRS. Solomon complaining that the price of Cornish broccoli was cheaper in London than in Cornwall (JOHN BULL, November 6) seems to have had effect in Penzance.

Today, local growers are bringing broccoli to the houses instead of selling it to wholesalers. They are charging only 3d. each and making a finer profit than they have ever known.—HARRY BENNETT, 66 High Street, Penzance.

Sugaring the Pill

HOW I WISH THAT the cod liver oil supplied for children were issued in capsule form. My three youngsters have reached the stage when more of the oil is left outside than inside their tummies.

Thousands must be missing the benefit of this valuable food because it is not issued by clinics in a more palatable form.—MRS. M. HOWE, 63 Ladyfield Road, Chippenham, Wilts.

Why All the Grumbles?

I. Race

I'M A NAVVY, doing a rough job of work and rarely bringing home more than ninety shillings a week to keep a wife and three children. We have to draw on meagre savings for clothes and extras. My future seems to be twenty-one years of hard work until I'm sixty-five.

Well, what's the credit side? Pretty good—as the thousands of grumblers, who always seem to be with us, would find out if they ever stopped to count their blessings.

Gone is the worry of doctor's bills that used to be a nightmare to folks like us. There's unemployment pay, sick pay, holiday pay. And none of us need go hungry.

The public library supplies all the books we want to read. We're entertained by the radio, and a cinema and football ground are within easy reach. We've got four walls and a roof and we're alive. In that there is the sum total of happiness—if only we'll appreciate it.—I. RACE, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

Toothsome

AFTER READING in "Free Speech" of delays in dental attention, I was amused to see the following notice in the window of a local fruit shop—directed apparently at people still waiting for false teeth: "Lovely juicy pears. No teeth required." — MARGARET HOLT, 19 Nile Street, Preston, Lancs.

P.S.

On G.I.s and Women

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that the American serviceman who wrote the letter headed "A Yank at Warrington" (JOHN BULL, November 6) should judge all British girls by the behaviour of a few man-chasers. This type of woman is universal and not peculiar to any one country.—*Mrs. H. Hill, 2 Thompson Avenue, Harworth, Doncaster, Yorks.*

HE SHOULD GO to the smaller towns and villages of England, and see if girls there will chase after every man with more money than common sense.—*H. Wood, 10 Braehurst Road, Gateacre, Liverpool.*

Mrs. Pauline Mander

IF HE HAD gone farther than the street corners and pubs of Warrington, he might have met people other than camp followers, who, after all, have "chased" soldiers through the ages. If he judges British people *en masse*, he must expect his own countrymen to be judged *en masse*, too—at the lowest common denominator.—*Mrs. Pauline Mander, 3 Trinity Square, Margate.*

THE TROUBLE IS, English girls don't try to understand their own men. They prefer the surface glamour of foreigners to the through-and-through solidity of the average Englishman. He isn't exciting enough for them. Many girls have rued their wartime marriages to foreigners —but most of them weren't the type an Englishman would have married anyway! —*Peter Aslett, 24 Camden Street, Southwick, Sunderland.*

LESS THAN ONE in twenty of the girls described as "waiting on every street corner, in the pubs, in doorways," is from Warrington. Anyone passing the railway station between 5 p.m. and midnight will see that these girls who are giving the town a bad name are mainly from Liverpool and Manchester.—*Miss A. H., Warrington, Lancs.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

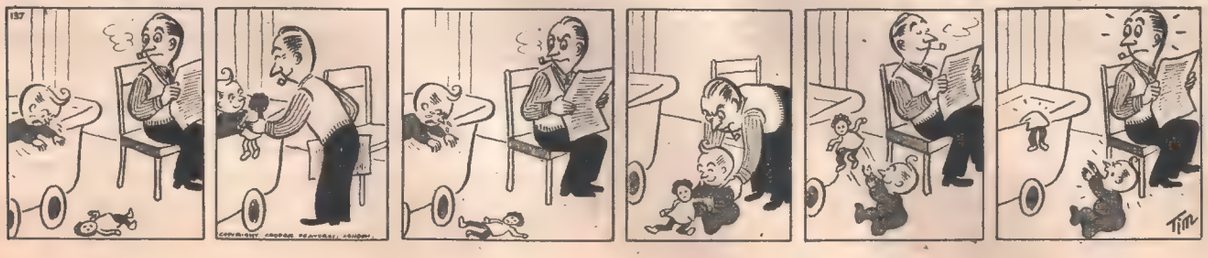
IT IS THE LOWER TYPES of American who encourage these girls, thus giving themselves the name of "woman-chasers." The blame must be shared by both parties. I am eighteen, and live not many miles from where these Americans are stationed. They frequent my home town at weekends, but I have no desire to make their acquaintance unless introductions are made through unquestionable channels. — *Miss J. C., Wigan, Lancs.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

THE YOUNG money-loaded American soldier is the biggest "sucker" in Britain today for pandering to that type of woman. We know these women are there, we try to stamp them out—but we won't succeed if the U.S. servicemen don't give them the cold shoulder.—*K. Oldfield, 60 Cheltenham Street, Rochdale, Lancs.*

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



CONTINUING THE GREAT NEW NOVEL by H. E. BATES

The jacaranda tree

This was it. Farewell to Burma, farewell to a way of life. Yet the thought of the dangers and hardships they would share did little to ease private discord

THE STORY SO FAR:

AT A LUNCHEON conference in his bungalow, Paterson, the man none of them really trusts, outlines his plan for leaving Burma: the Japanese are now drawing near. Those present are Betteson and his eccentric wife, the Portmans, Mrs. McNairn and her daughter, Connie. In the background move two Burmese—Paterson's boy, Tuesday, and Tuesday's sister, Nadia, whose presence in Paterson's bungalow the British group resents. Paterson fixes midnight for their departure in two cars, his and Portman's. His decision to take Tuesday and Nadia increases the tension. As a final gesture, beautiful, frustrated Mrs. Portman decides to visit the club for a last swim. No one else is there. Then, suddenly, Paterson turns up, saying he has come to take her back, as time is running short. Mrs. Portman seeks to delay him, but he is adamant. The party must quickly reassemble at his bungalow and prepare to set off on the road.

WHEN MAJOR BRAIN bicycled over from the Swimming Club to Paterson's bungalow, just before midnight, the explosions were still going on. All over the town, lighting up with shadowy starts of pinkish-orange the theatrical palms, the exquisite pagodas of white and gold and sometimes the bright tributaries of salmon and purple bougainvillaea that covered almost all the brick-brown roofs of English bungalows, there flowered hundreds of little fires. In the deep upper darkness they seemed to be reflected infinitely in stars.

It was no night for leaving Burma, the major thought. And bicycling without a light through the half-deserted streets of the European quarter, he felt very alone after the strenuous day at the hospital as orderly in the male wards; and he thought grimly also that he was not like those plutocrats Portman and Paterson, who rode everywhere in cars.

He thought of himself still as an Army man, retired, blessed with an Army pension that gave him no room for the pleasures of travelling in luxury. He was a plain man who had remained unmarried, not for the reason that the Portmans purported to have remained childless, because on his sort of salary he could not afford it, but because he did not like women.

Curious, he sometimes thought, that he should have drifted into a job like the secretaryship of a tropical swimming club, where from early morning till dusk he saw practically nothing but women: European women exposing their white bodies in the sun until they were browner than the bodies of the Burmese and half-Burmese girls they so pretended to despise.

The only woman he really admired was Miss Ross. He had talked to her that very day at the hospital, where for some weeks she had been giving Fielding her part-time services. Fielding was an excellent fellow, but nothing he or the major could do or say would persuade Miss Ross that she would be better out of the country. She had been quite firm and serene. He felt that her life had become rather like the suit she wore: smooth and pure and white; and also in many ways miraculous.

Of all the women he knew in Burma, she alone had managed to keep clean; not physically, sexually or merely socially clean, but clean in spirit and clean, wonderfully clean, in heart. And she had got all this not, as one would have hoped, from Christian faith, but from Buddhism. Her life had become serenely filled with an immense tolerance, a great practical habit of service and meditation. It had affected the major very much.

As Major Brain bicycled out in the fiery darkness to Paterson's bungalow, hearing the explosions and thinking of Miss Ross, he was very uneasy. There was no serum at the hospital. That was one thing he had to tell Paterson. Another was that Caldwell, the District Commissioner, had gone. Another was that neither Fielding nor Miss Ross would leave the country.

Another was that Miss Allison, the young Anglo-Burmese girl who was a nurse at the hospital, could not make up her mind. Her life hung suspended in the critical hour between East and West, and in indecision she had cried hysterically in Fielding's office that afternoon. This meant that Paterson and himself were to watch out for her at the last moment, by the hospital gardens, as they drove out of the town. They must make room for her in case she came.

AND then, suddenly, while he was still half a mile from the bungalow, the entire rice mill blew up. Out of the darkness, with the roar of the explosion, came a hungry sort of wind that sucked back and half-blew the major off his bicycle.

He stood panting, at once trembling and fascinated, pressing himself against the handlebars. All about him the little fires, half hidden by trees, seemed suddenly to be extinguished by the new fire. It rose like an orange cloud, so that he could see the bungalow quite clearly, silhouetted against it.

And in that moment all his life in Burma seemed to become extinguished, too. He could suddenly hear the rising cry of voices and the sound of feet, in thundery whispers, running away.

And by God, he thought in misery and bitterness, that's all I'm doing. I'm running, too.

The moment Paterson saw Major Brain slowly pushing his bicycle into the compound, rather like a man who had lost himself and did not know where he was going, he was sharply annoyed. Already Paterson had begun to hate the Bettesons, the Portmans and Mrs. McNairn with vicious gloom; the smell of the fire at the rice mill worried him like the unpleasant odour of a dog.

And then when he saw the grey, nebulous, tired figure of the major actually pushing the bicycle into the compound, hours late and not even riding, he felt he had suddenly had enough.

"Major! Where have you been?"

"At the hospital. There's no serum," Brain said.

"Never mind about the serum. Where are your things?"

"This is all I have." The major had a small army haversack and a water-bottle slung over either shoulder. "This and the bicycle."

"What do you mean, the bicycle?"

"Isn't there room for it?"

"For heaven's sake, man," Paterson said.

"I'm sorry."

"Put it in the house and leave it there."

"I'm taking it with me," the major said.

"Riding it?"

"I thought it could go on the back of one of the cars."

PATERSON could not speak. The two trailers had taken some hours to pack with petrol and water. The boots and grids of both cars were filled with boxes of food; tents and bedding were lashed on top; and inside were suitcases of personal things. Already, he thought, they had too much.

And now here was Brain with his bicycle. Not a camera or a telescope or a radio or even a fat bronze Buddha such as Betteson had insisted on bringing and that Paterson had found and thrown out. But a bicycle: the most hideously, impossibly unpackable thing in the world.

"It won't take up much room," the major said.

"Oh! no."

"I've no luggage. I can sit anywhere."

"I don't care!" Paterson said. "Put the damn thing in the house."

The major hesitated. It seemed to him for a moment that this was the solution of his personal problem.

"If I can't take the bicycle it's no use my coming either."

Once again Paterson could not speak. Here they were about to start on a journey in which only life and food and water and fuel and luck were precious, and all Brain could do was to haggle over a bicycle.

"It might come in useful," Brain said.

"In that country? Up there? Have you ever been up there?"

"You never know," Brain said.

"There just isn't room! We may have Miss Ross and Miss Allison."

"Miss Ross is not coming."

Some people were coming; some were not coming; some had bicycles! Paterson felt impotent under the weight of a mass of idiotic triviality:

"Is Miss Allison coming?"

"It's not sure. If she's coming she'll be at the hospital gardens as we pass."

"Considerate of her."

Over at the mill the entire corrugated iron roof of the main building fell in at that moment with a roar like a single slab of hot metal thrown into a cauldron of water. In the orange fountain of sparks that illuminated all the compound, Paterson turned to see the face of the major motionlessly staring, infinitely saddened as he clutched at the bicycle he would not lose. It seemed to typify for a moment all the other faces, too brightly lit up, ghoulishly staring as if caught for a flashlight photograph, like a crowd of refugees, gaping and disinherited, clustered about the cars in the compound.

And he felt suddenly that he understood the major. "All right: strap the damn thing on the petrol trailer."

In the centre of the compound the jacaranda tree, in the orange light of a million sparks, seemed to blossom among its tender leaves like a tree of smouldering bluish-purple, itself a gentle fire. Over by the Buick Paterson found Tuesday staring at it in a dream. For a moment Paterson stood looking at it, too.

Behind it the fire of the burning mill was so vast that it seemed as if it might rush forward and suddenly consume, in a second or two, all the little umbrella of glowing flower.

"Ready, Tuesday?"

The boy smiled magnificently. Under one arm he was clutching the radio set. He had no other possessions except the football jersey, the shirt and, even in the moment of calamitous departure, the same defeatless smile.

"Ready Patson sir."

"Nadia ready?"

FOR a moment the smile went from the boy's face. He stood staring beyond the jacaranda tree without a word.

"I said is Nadia ready? Where is she?"

"In the house Patson sir."

"Is she ready? Fetch her."

"Nadia not coming sir," he said.

Once again for a moment the boy did not smile.

Paterson did not speak again and walked slowly past him, past the Bettesons and Mrs. McNairn and Mrs. Portman, who stood watching Major Brain and Portman strapping the major's bicycle on to the trailer of one of the cars. He did not speak to them but walked slowly up the steps of the veranda into the darkened house: the power station had gone up at eight o'clock.

He remembered then that he had hardly seen the girl all that day; he had hardly spoken to her from the moment

he had woken, faced with all the calamity of the day, until the moment he had set off the fuse to blow the mill.

And somehow he knew that it was because of that that she was not coming with the rest of them. He knew that he had hurt her by what must have seemed neglect and preoccupation. He stood at the foot of the stairs gently calling her name into the dark house.

She did not answer. He did not call again but walked slowly upstairs, feeling his way out of the half-light into the darkness and then into the upper light of the landing beyond.

He went straight along the landing and into his own room and then out of it, quietly, through the gauze door, to the balcony outside.

"Nadia," he said. "Where are you?"

He walked quietly along the balcony. Now in the light of the fire he could see her lying on the bed and in a moment he knelt down beside her.

"Nadia. We're going. It's time."

"No."

"It's time. Where are your things?"

For the first time she turned her face towards him. Where she had turned away, pressing her face on the bed, the flower she wore in her black hair had flattened itself out like a scarlet saucer.

A moment later she began to smile. And he knew then that she was smiling because of his question: because she had no things, because she had less in the world even than the boy, with his broken radio set and the faded football shirt.

ALL that she had in the world, like the boy, was himself. And for a moment he saw her against the Europeans who stood waiting in the compound below, hands clutching possessions, minds possessively desiring the things they could not have: the Bettesons, with their luck and their Buddha, the major with his bicycle, Portman with his ambitions, Mrs. Portman with her delightful body, the McNairns who wanted himself.

He saw them clearly and was not angry. The tenderness he felt for her and which now rushed up through his body warmly seemed to cut him off from the current of all outside emotion.

Once she had smiled he knew that everything would be right again. She sat up on the bed and he smoothed her hair with his hand. And then suddenly he could not bear the thought of her leaving without a possession of even the simplest kind; and he made her get up from the bed, so that he could fold up the blanket for her.

"It may be cold at night," he said.

"Shall I be with you?"

"Yes."

"Always with you?"

"Yes."

"Then I shan't be cold," she said. She put her mouth against his face, rubbing it softly.

She took the blanket from him, folding it up. She carried it in her arms with some of the air of intense and cautious pride that the boy had in the radio set and the shirt. As they went downstairs he saw her smiling in the light of the fire.

Ten minutes later the two cars drove out of the compound. The Portmans, Mrs. McNairn and Connie and Major Brain rode in the Portmans' car. Mrs. McNairn had begun to cry, and Portman felt glad that he was not Major Brain, pressed in with her snivelling at the back.

The Bettesons rode in the back of Paterson's car, leaving room for Miss Allison if she came. An Anglo-Burmese girl would be less of an embarrassment to the Bettesons than to the Portmans and Mrs. McNairn. This left Paterson on the front seat with Nadia and the boy: the girl with the blanket still folded in her arms, the boy with the radio set on his knees and the smile even larger on his face as he pressed forward to see the road in the light of the headlamps and the fire.

The mill collapsed with a roar. In the light of the blaze, Paterson saw the major stare sadly and clutch at his bicycle

The two cars pulled up at the gardens of the hospital, on the north edge of the town. It had been very slow driving out there. Out of the town, northward, people were trooping in long procession: on foot, on bicycles, in bullock carts that no longer kept to the bullock tracks, in low rolling buffalo carts, in rickshaws that danced like fireflies, in cars, in open-window trucks and buses.

At the hospital gardens Major Brain got out of the car and walked along the road to look for Miss Allison, the nurse. It was some time before he fought his way back with her to the car. Paterson, leaning out of his driver's window, saw her blown out of the shouting crowd of refugees like a pale cream feather. She had the long slender legs of the half-caste; the pained distant eyes, deep smoky-amber underneath, as if from bruising; and the melancholy air of delicate pride.

"In the back with Mr. and Mrs. Betteson," he said. "Glad we found you."

She smiled sleepily without opening her lips and got into the back of the car with the Bettesons, and Major Brain shut the door.

"Room for a little un," Betteson said, and moved over against the window so that she could sit between himself and Mrs. Betteson.

As the girl sat down and the car moved away, Betteson took something out of his jacket pocket nearest the nurse. Secretly he put it into his other pocket and sat clutching it with his hand.

It was the bronze Buddha Paterson had angrily thrown across the compound as something that was not wanted. Betteson could not help thinking that there had never been a moment when he had wanted it so much as now.

It was the thing to bring them luck.

WAKING in the morning, the boy Tuesday had nothing to fix his direction but the northern hills. They lay like bars of warped steel, gently undulating, purple-blue, under the burning salmon rim of sky. Between them and the two cars, driven off the road and parked on dry rice-stubble, the tents not pitched, lay the plain, emptily huge and yellow except for intersections of scrub and track between cropless rice-fields.

Once he had fixed the hills the boy had nothing to worry about. He knew the country very well. The exodus for him was no more than another journey.

Paterson was with him. He did not care about other people. Paterson had to be cared for, guided, succoured, obeyed and protected through whatever circumstances the journey might bring.

When he got up from under the car, where he had dozed for the last two hours of the night, he was surprised to see Mrs. Betteson already awake and out of the car. She stood watching the sun come up over the hills, and when she saw the boy she waved her hands ecstatically.

"Ah! There you are! Isn't it nice, isn't it wonderful? Like picnicking."

The boy nodded and smiled. It no longer worried him very much that Mrs. Betteson was mad; she was just another person. There was nothing strange to him in the way she constantly giggled and waved her hands. Plenty of people, he thought, were like that.

"What are you doing? What are you going to do?"

"Get fire," he said. "Breakfast."

"Marvellous. Can I help? Can I do something?"

"Please," he said.

MRS. BETTESON wandered away across the dust, vaguely gathering wisps of rice-straw and fronds of bamboo that winds had blown down from the road, two hundred yards away.

Occasionally she stopped, like a lost gleaner, and stared at the traffic coming down the road. She had heard the noise of it all night. Bullocks and buffaloes, bicycles and rickshaws, handcarts and barrows, people walking; women with children on their backs and bedding on their heads; men running elastically in the dust, balancing baskets like scales. Sometimes a motor car, driving on its horn.

When she got back to the cars the fire was burning and the boy had the kettle on its wire sling. Major Brain was already up, and like a true soldier was shaving with an egg-cup of water and a steel mirror behind the car, and in another moment she saw that the Portmans and Mrs. McNairn and Connie were getting out of the car, too.

By the time she got back to the Buick the only people who had not stirred were Betteson himself and the nurse. Mrs. Betteson peered into the back of the car. Betteson was sprawling across the seat and one of his hands was lying across the naked arm of the girl. Mrs. Betteson stood staring for a moment or two before she tapped the window.

The girl was still in her nurse's uniform. Exhausted, she had gone to sleep long before the cars had stopped, and now it seemed as if nothing would wake her. But it was not this or even Betteson's hand lying across the girl's too slender dusky cream arm that affected Mrs. Betteson. What she had not realized was that Miss Allison was half-caste, and the discovery took a little of the dithering morning joy out of her face as she tapped the window.

Waking and seeing her face outside, peering in at him with that gaunt curiosity he knew so well and hated so much, Betteson felt immediately that she was spying on him.

He gave a furious grunt and got out of the car, swinging the door angrily back so that it hit her. Nothing of this surprised Mrs. Betteson, and it did not wake the nurse.

"I'll bung your eyes in one of these days," Betteson said. "I'll bung 'em in, I tell you! And then perhaps you'll see something you ain't lookin' for!"

"I only wanted to wake you," she said.

"Well, I don't want waking! I can wake myself, can't I?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Well, for God's sake don't stand there!"

She walked vaguely away with the dry husks of straw and bamboo still in her hands. In the car the nurse did not wake, and over by the Portmans' car, where Portman was doing the thing he loathed most in the world, shaving in cold water, Mrs. Portman stood looking at the Bettesons and said:

"If that's the sort of delightful domestic scene that's going on I shall wish we'd come alone."

"And you won't be the only one wishing that," Mrs. McNairn said. "I wished it from the first."

"I think we're safer together," the major said.

"I can't think why you say safer," Portman said. "I worked it out on the map and I should say we'll make Kohima in three days. Or somewhere that way."

"Somewhere that way," the major said.

"Well, let's hope it's no longer," Mrs. Portman said. "One of my pet aversions is living in suitcases."

"Where's Connie?" Mrs. McNairn said.

"Probably gone to pick daisies," Mrs. Portman said. "That's another of my pet loves."

"It'll be a bit more civilized when we get the tents up," Portman said.

"I see Connie over with Paterson," the major said. "Cutting bread."

Mrs. McNairn's abrupt annoyance was replaced by the first touch of anything like a pleasant feeling she had experienced since Paterson had sent that extraordinary message by Betteson. She had cried most of the night before and she hadn't slept.

NOW, when she saw Connie and Paterson engaged in the simple business of buttering slices of bread and pouring cups of tea she felt startlingly touched. It suddenly occurred to her that she ought to be nicer to Paterson; that this dreadful trip might, after all, turn out to have something good in it; that it might reveal in Paterson, as exceptional circumstances did in men, the beginnings of a little decency.

But I am not, she thought, falling over myself. I shall not concede anything. I shall come to it gradually. And I shall see to it that Connie comes to it gradually. She's not going to give herself away.

As she walked over to the fire there was a burst of laughter. She looked up to see that Mrs. Betteson had never put her handful of rice-straw and bamboo-husk on the fire. She was standing absently holding it in one hand, with her tea in the other. Now and then she held the straw half-way to her mouth dreamily, as if she were going to eat it. And now the burst of laughter was because she had actually taken a straw in her mouth and was chewing it slowly, with that infantile, vacuous smile.

Betteson was furious; but to everyone else, standing there in the sun that had

already begun to burn up the purple ridges of the northern hills and leave them smouldering in the late smokiness of sunrise that was really the beginning of heat-haze, it seemed like a moment of wonderfully good humour for the beginning of the day.

Only Nadia and the boy, sitting apart on the running board of Paterson's car, did not seem to see anything very amusing in Mrs. Betteson's absent-minded childish error; or in the laughing faces.

The two cars set off again.

Sitting by the window, staring at the bullock tracks that lay on either side of the road, deep gorges of dust through which the ponderous, lumbering carts, the iron-grey buffaloes, the sad grey oxen and the streams of men and women were ploughing sombrely in a yellow cloud under the trees, Connie McNairn was not listening to the talk that was now going on between the Portmans, her mother and the major.

She had not been very amused at the joke of Mrs. Betteson eating the straw. She had been thinking at that very moment, much as she was now, of Paterson. It had seemed a very wonderful thing to be standing there, in the open air, at the beginning of a journey of which no one could know the consequences, pouring out the tea, cutting the bread and butter. It had seemed extraordinarily miraculous to be doing these simple things.

Now as she sat looking out of the window, she was beginning to be a little frightened by what she saw. Something about the stream of black and brown and purple beetles, ploughing through the dust, had in it the beginnings of a hungry terror.

THE violent bumpings and jerkings at the back of the car shook her out of her thoughts to hear Mrs. Portman say:

"Is this the only road? This is frightful."

"How far do you calculate we have of this?" Mrs. McNairn said.

"I did the map very carefully with calipers yesterday," Portman said. "I should say six or seven hundred miles. Awfully hard, though, to judge the contours."

Yes, the major thought, it was awfully hard to judge the contours.

Portman blinked a little and felt his eyes, even behind the dark glasses, strained and tired. The car, which had begun by doing about fifteen miles an hour, was now sometimes down to ten; it was running quite hot whenever he was down in gear.

Still, he thought, even at ten miles an hour they could do a hundred a day, and like that a week would see them through. That would be very good going on roads like this. He would mark their progress on a map each day.

When they camped at noon they were all a little cramped and tired, and Miss Allison, the nurse, was still asleep and no one woke her.

Apart from this, nothing unusual had happened except that Mrs. Betteson, living out her dream, still carried in one hand the remains of her gleanings of bamboo and straw.

By evening the two cars had worked ahead of the stream of refugees. Only the bullock tracks were dotted with the dusty purple-brown procession of people and beasts, the dust rising like sulphur smoke, hanging low above the parallel lines of trees like part of the heat haze.

Northward the mountains did not seem, in fifty miles, to have come any nearer. They seemed rather to have grown more and more fragile, infinitely pallid against the steely glare of sun.

The problem of sleeping was much the same as the problem of seating, except that it was complicated by the sexes

He soothed the girl's hair with his hand. He could not bear the thought of her leaving without a possession of some kind

and also by Miss Allison, who was Anglo-Burmese. She was still asleep in the car at five o'clock.

There were three tents, and it seemed to Paterson that it would present the least of complications if Mrs. McNairn, Mrs. Portman and Connie slept in one; Portman, Major Brain and Betteson in the other; and Miss Allison, Mrs. Betteson and Nadia in the third. Tuesday and himself would sleep in the car.

He explained this while Portman, Major Brain, Betteson and himself were putting up the tents in the evening sun.

"Now, wait a minute, old man," Betteson said. "That raises some tricky issues."

"I've been working it out all day and I think it's the best we can do."

"Not for me it ain't," Betteson said. "I've lived in this bloody country for thirty years and my wife's never slept with natives and half-caste bitches yet, and she's not going to start now."

"I think that a bit thick, Betteson," Portman said. "After all——"

"After all what?" Betteson said. "Why doesn't your wife try it, eh?"

Portman did not speak. He wanted to say that after all Mrs. Betteson was batty; that she was hardly a woman to notice these things, walking about as she did with straw in her hands.

"Go on, let her try it," Betteson said.

PATERSON walked tolerantly round the entire circumference of the tent, tightening each guy rope. He had known that something like this was bound to happen and he wanted to keep it, by his own tolerance, a little thing.

When he got back to the mouth of the tent he was surprised to see Connie there, with Mrs. McNairn.

Betteson had begun shouting something about his wife being as good as the rest of them."

"If there's any difficulty about it, *I'll* sleep in the tent with Miss Allison," Connie said.

"You'll do no such thing, you'll certainly do no such thing!" Mrs. McNairn said.

"It's very simple, Three girls in one tent."

"On the contrary, nothing could be more difficult."

"If you're going to talk about being difficult, I think it's all very difficult for Mr. Paterson."

"It's one of those monstrous things and I don't want to talk about it."

"Please let me," the girl said. "I'd rather do that than sleep with the rest of you."

"Thank you," Mrs. Portman said.

"Well, I tell you flat my wife won't do it!" Betteson said.

Except for Mrs. Betteson herself, who was with the boy at the evening fire, they all stood about the tent, arguing. Only Major Brain had walked away. Mrs. McNairn, Mrs. Portman and Portman himself all wanted to say the same thing. They wanted to say that Mrs. Betteson was batty anyhow and did not know colour from white any more than she knew straw from bread; so what could it matter anyway? But Betteson, furious, kept raising his voice in defence of her, as if she were something he doted on.

"I think Connie should know her own mind," Paterson said.

"Oh, you do, do you?"

"It could all be so simple," the girl said.

"She made up her own mind once," Mrs. McNairn said, "and what did you do?"

"My wife and I'll bunk up in the car," Portman said.

"That only shelves the issue!" Betteson shouted.

Mrs. McNairn continued to address Paterson. "And what did you do? You treated her like dirt, that's what you did. And you've gone on treating her like dirt. And now you want to treat her like dirt again—worse than dirt—"

"This is a bit much," Portman said.

Mrs. Portman, fascinated by the utter calmness of Paterson, had nothing to say. Once again she felt transfixed and faintly excited.

"The girl shall not be humiliated," Mrs. McNairn said.

"Earear," Betteson said.

"Nobody is going to humiliate her," Paterson said. "Certainly not Nadia and Miss Allison."

"And nor you, I suppose. You're not in England now, Mr. Paterson, where you can get away with anything and these things don't matter. You're in Burma where these things do matter."

Over by the fire the sound of Mrs. Betteson laughing idiotically seemed to strike a curious light note of mockery that made Paterson smile.

"And I'm not here to be laughed at!"

Suddenly Connie began crying, and Mrs. Portman put her arm about her and began to lead her away. Mrs. McNairn made a high, acrobatic sort of gesture of protest, violently raising her arms, so that Portman could see the sweaty paler parallelograms of silk under her armpits. Betteson stood there like an enraged pig, yellow with sweat, head down, as if in anger he wanted to rush at something and smash his skull.

The whole thing was a bit much, Portman thought, and came from people not playing the game.

"There's nothing in you!" Mrs. McNairn shouted at Paterson. "There's not a decent thread of anything in you. There never was."

Portman began to walk away. Paterson shouted after him:

"Portman, give Major Brain a hand with the other tent! It'll be dark in half an hour."

"All right, all right," Portman said. "Keep calm."

Paterson, too, began to walk away.

"You're afraid to listen to me because you know what I say is right and because you're afraid to listen to me!" said Mrs. McNairn, starting to weep, too. Then at the same moment Mrs. Betteson, over by the fire, once again began laughing the gay, idiotic laugh that had made Paterson smile. This time he did not smile, and it was Betteson who walked away.

"You make me wish to God we could go on alone!" Mrs. McNairn shouted. "By ourselves! Without you!"

Once more the faded parallelograms that were never to be revealed became revealed, ugly and sweaty, as she lifted her arms, and over by the fire Mrs. Betteson, enjoying herself enormously with something, let out a new giggling scream of joy.

LATER in the dark evening the major walked up through the clearing of bamboo to where the ground rose, free of scrub, above the road. It was very dark and the entire sky, even down to the iron corrugation of mountain beyond the plain, had cleared to a great purity in the night air.

After all, the squabble about who should sleep with who had turned out to be very simple. Miss Allison had solved it all by not waking. Paterson himself had covered her with blankets in the back of the car, and the boy was to sleep in the front seat, in case she woke and wondered where she was. The men were to sleep as arranged, and Connie and Nadia were to sleep together.

It was after eleven o'clock when the major reached the rise of ground. He could not sleep and yet, except for an occasional thought of Miss Ross, back there at the hospital, he was quite happy. Something about the hurricane lamps shining through the sepia-orange canvases of the tents seemed to him extraordinarily eternal.

Like the sky of the East, like the shining sowing of stars, like the smell of dust in the darkness faintly scented by invisible flowers from the trees by the road, it was a changeless thing. If you looked back, through the wars, this was the thing about war that had not changed: the hurricane lamp hung by the tent-pole, the orange glow, the dying fire outside, the infinite sense of tranquillity that the creeping shadows on the tent walls gave.

And as he walked back to the camp, watching the stars and the settling shadows moving under the orange cubes of light, he was troubled only by a small sense of desertion, in that he was not only leaving Burma, but Miss Ross, who stood for so much that was most beautiful and most permanent in the country.

The feeling continued to gnaw at him a little as he came back to the tent, and he counteracted it by going to contemplate his bicycle. It was still strapped to the back of Paterson's car, and he stood for some minutes looking at it in the quiet glow of light, rather as another man might have taken a final look at his horse. He was very glad Paterson had allowed him to bring it; he did not dislike Paterson and he was relieved that that simple problem had been solved.

And as he contemplated the bicycle for a few moments longer the light in Miss McNairn's tent went out, and then as he moved away Portman and his wife

"Now let's all try and think up a parting gift for Miss Smith"

WITH MY FEET UP

Conversation Piece

"NOW, DEAR, let's settle down and get our list of Christmas presents all fixed this evening. Lend me a pencil, will you?"

"You make the list, darling. I've been awfully busy at the office all day. . . ."

"No, I must have your help. Besides, it will be easy this year, now that there is so much more stuff in the shops. What are we going to get for the children?"

"Get Betty a doll and Jimmy some bricks."

"But darling, they're so ordinary. We could get a box of paints or a train or a model farm or a Red Indian outfit or. . . ."

"You decide, dear."

"There is so much choice, I don't know that we need be in such a hurry. Now about a present for mother."

"Let's give your mother the same as last year."

"But, darling, we didn't give her anything last year."

"Well. . . ."

"You mean pig. We should give her something nice—perhaps a hat ornament or a brooch or a scarf. Or we might give her a table cloth or a set of heat-proof mats or—I know she is short of tea cups. . . ."

"As I said, give her the same as last year."

"Well, we're bound to find *something*, so I'll leave her for now.

"What about Cynthia and Bill? Last year we gave them two oranges and a pound of onions, and they were delighted. But now you can buy onions anywhere. How about some book-ends—or a flower vase or a coffee percolator or a gas lighter or a doormat or a . . ."

"You know, I really think it was easier when there weren't so many things to buy. At least people knew you couldn't be *expected* to get them anything."

by Ian Fox

came up from the lower clearing of bamboo.

"Very quiet," Portman said.

"Wonderful," said Major Brain.

"I was just saying you'd think the war was a million miles away. So peaceful. Hardly think we were part of it."

"No," the major said, "just so," and as he walked away, saying good night, the fragment of his uneasiness about Miss Ross and the fact that he himself seemed to be getting a smaller and not a larger part of the war began to itch again in his mind.

The Portmans said good night and stood for a moment before separating. Somewhere on the other side of the Buick Paterson was lying half under the car, covered with blankets.

Portman spoke in a whisper and took the arm of Mrs. Portman and moved her away.

"Well, that's what I shall do. The slightest friction and I shall put the cards on the table and we'll go on separately. After all, in India I'll join up and Paterson can go to hell."

"The thing is to stand up to him."

"I know. Still, it's a question of everyone playing the game. If he doesn't we don't."

"Yes. Good night now," she said.

"Good night."

"I don't think I shall undress," she said. "The whole thing's a bit crummy."

In the tent beyond Mrs. Portman's Connie lay staring up in the darkness. She had undressed and had put on her pyjamas and had brushed her hair. She did not want to sleep. She wanted to get up and find Paterson and explain about the things her mother had said. She wanted to tell him that there was no truth in those things; that to her there had never been any humiliation, any sense of social wrong, any affrontery.

She knew where Paterson was sleeping: by the Buick, half under the car. It needed courage to get up in the darkness and go to Paterson and wake him if necessary and say those things. But sooner or later they had to be said. This journey was not like life back in the town, with the mill, the Swimming Club, the English Club and all those things. Everything was breaking down; it was very different now.

She waited for a few moments longer, listening for a movement from the girl in the other bed. It was utterly still, and there was no sound from outside except the sound of jackals crying with their echoing human wail.

She still waited for a second or two, and then, in the moment before she lifted herself upon her elbow, Nadia got up and went outside. In the light that still came from the men's tent Connie saw the golden Burmese skin shining in the lamplight with a silky, tender sheen.

Under the Buick Paterson moved over to let Nadia come in with him. She did not speak, and he lay for some moments holding her. If the girl and the boy conceived it as their duty, without ever saying so, to protect him and go with him as far and wherever he wanted, he in turn, without ever saying so, thought the same of them.

Unlike the others they did not ask how far they had to go; where they must sleep, whom they must sleep with; what they wanted and did not want to do.

She did not speak and he held her quietly and calmly in the darkness, his head slightly upwards from hers as he listened to the voices of the jackals, beginning again now, thinly haunting the darkness of the plain, so remarkably like the wailing, squalling voices of the women who had quarrelled that afternoon.

To be continued next week

GOOD GOALIES ARE SCARCE

by JOHN ARLOTT

Fewer goals are scored today, but not because of good new goalies. In that job veterans are still the best

"EVERY GOAL SCORED is the result of a mistake," said Billy Meredith, one of the wisest, as he was one of the greatest, of all footballers.

League goalscoring is now lower than at any time since the change of the offside rule in 1925—defences in general are making fewer mistakes than ever. But a greater proportion of the mistakes that *are* made appear to be mistakes by goalkeepers.

If we look into goalkeeping and goalkeepers in the major leagues today we shall find this impression indirectly but strongly confirmed.

Let's assess some of the soccer discoveries made since the war. There are backs like Ramsey of Southampton, Lock of Charlton, Smith of Arsenal; halfbacks like Rowlands of Aldershot, Shorthouse of Wolves, Percival of Huddersfield, Macaulay of Chelsea; forwards like Milburn and Stobbart of Newcastle, Hurst and Vaughan of Charlton, Duquemin of Spurs, Hernon of Bolton, Pearson of Manchester United, Macdonald of Fulham, Day of Southampton.

England's Number One

In fact, the names of outstanding new players, many of them already on the verge of international selection, crowd in from every team in England for every position except goal.

Here the matter is very different. Frank Swift, who began to play for Manchester City in 1932, is still England's Number One goalkeeper. Saturday after Saturday, it is not the youngsters but the veteran goalkeepers who continue to put up outstanding performances—Sam Bartram of Charlton, Swindin of Arsenal, Sagar of Everton, Crozier of Brentford, Sidlow of Liverpool.

Of the new goalkeepers only three look to be in the top class—Gooch of Preston North End, Mills of Huddersfield and Finlayson of Millwall.

Finlayson is already a magnificent goalkeeper in terms of the saves he makes. When he becomes a little more experienced—he is still not yet twenty—he should be a Scottish International. Some other young goalkeepers have had short periods of brilliance, but I observe that several of them have been dropped in favour of the older players they came to replace.

Before the war almost every club had at least two extremely good goalkeepers. Managers could get a first-class reserve, probably a first-team goalkeeper, on a free transfer or for a few hundred pounds at the end of any season. Goalkeepers were, in terms of transfer fees, the cheapest players to obtain.

The position is much different today.

Frank Swift's immense height, reach and hand-span save "impossibles"

At the moment a number of clubs are looking for goalkeepers and prepared to pay high fees for them, but clubs who have good reserve goalkeepers will not sell, because of the difficulty of replacement.

The shortage is difficult to explain. It may be that, during the war, in Service matches, promising young goalkeepers, because of their aptitude for the game, were played out in the field. Again, it may be that goalkeepers take longer to mature than players in other positions. Whatever the reason, the transfer value of a goalkeeper, in proportion to the fees being paid for players in other positions, is higher now than ever before.

Acrobatic Saves

The nearest approach to the complete goalkeeper we have known is Frank Swift. Swift may have his "off" moments, but selectors have wisely recognized his greatness and continued to pick him.

Let's examine his technique and achievement. Maybe here we will find something of value and of hope for Britain's future goalkeepers.

In anticipation and positioning Swift almost compares in perfection with Harry Hibbs, that outstanding goalkeeper of the preceding generation. Swift's immense height, reach and hand-span allow him to make acrobatic saves which could fairly be called impossible.

Swift, too, is a fine kicker, an asset more important than ever since the new rule stopped the full-back tapping the ball to the goalkeeper for him to punt his goal-kick from hand. This rule "found out" a number of goalkeepers who handled the ball well but could not kick a dead ball hard enough to clear their lines. Thus their goal kicks merely set opponents' attacks under way again.

More, Swift excels as no other goalkeeper has done, in *constructive* football. Having saved a shot, and left with the ball in hand—he can hold a football in one hand—he instantly looks about the field. He will dispose of the ball with either foot, but preferably the left, or he will throw it as much as half the length of the field, invariably to a well-placed member of his own team.

His throw is not the laboured swing of so many goalkeepers, but approximates to the flip of the water-polo player. It is of low trajectory and placed to an inch. Swift will use this short flip to a wing-half at the edge of his own penalty area with the certainty of setting an attack going, rather than employ his long punt upfield if the latter is likely to go to the opposing defenders.

In International matches it is impressive to watch outside-right Stanley Matthews move into midfield as Swift catches the ball and then to see Swift literally "put" the ball forty yards, precisely to Matthews's feet. Swift not only makes defensive saves, he turns defence into attack more constantly than any other goalkeeper.

Model for the Future

Swift has a comically exaggerated ease in catching a shot, and he will fool good-naturedly with a bustling centre-forward, bouncing the ball round him or lifting it over his head. He is obviously a gay and friendly man, happy about life and about playing football.

To watch Frank Swift is to see a natural goalkeeper, perfectly equipped physically, who, by thought and practice, has developed himself into the ideal goalkeeper.

If the next generation of goalkeepers is developing slowly, it is also developing with a model, in Swift, of a great *constructive* goalkeeper. A generation of constructive goalkeepers would add such new lustre to football that its lateness could be more than forgiven.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

ARTHUR GRIFFIS is a one-man orchestra. The cover artist, Clive Uptton, spotted him busking outside a London theatre in the evening, but Griffis's dextrous repertoire is also known to lunch-hour crowds, especially round Soho way. When he was asked to play as an extra in the forthcoming film, *Passport to Pimlico*, Griffis wasn't keen at first: he said he earned more busking. Finally he agreed to play at double the usual rate, which, for a man who can do at least two things at once, is fair enough.

I know, I'll give him a Gillette Razor Set

That's a marvellous idea ! His old set is a real antique, poor boy—he's had it for years and it certainly looks the worse for wear. How he'll thank me when he starts shaving with his new Gillette razor and Gillette blades. Both are precision instruments—made for each other. Gillette Razor Sets are packed in attractive cases. Sets from 3/1 to 30/-, including Purchase Tax.

Good mornings begin with Gillette

No. 48 Set. Aristocrat Junior one-piece razor in Moulded case (5 Blue Gillette Blades) **12/-** inc. tax.

No. 77 Set. Moulded case—(5 Blue Gillette Blades) **6/5,** inc. tax

No. 44 Set. Leatherette Case—Pocket Edition (5 Blue Gillette Blades) **5/6,** inc. tax.

Penelope

by C. GORDON GLOVER

ILLUSTRATED BY A. R. WHITEAR

She was different—and how she made you feel it!

Penelope's nurse began to pack the shapes into the box. "Why," she said, "there's one missing"

WHEN I READ IN the newspaper that beautiful Penelope Foyster had fallen from her horse in the hunting field and broken her neck, my mind went back a great many years.

We lived, then, my parents and I, in a solid, middle-class house on what was called the Grange Way, about three miles outside the small northern city where my father was a pretty successful contractor. Most of the neighbours were elderly folk, retired lawyers, businessmen, maiden ladies, and I was the only child living in Grange Way until the Foysters moved into Rocklands next door.

Major Foyster was retired Indian Army, and at the time it seemed queer to us that he should pick on Rocklands (furnished) for the first six months of his retirement. Now we know, but at the time it was odd. He did not belong to the neighbourhood and our sort of society must have been very middle class and unexciting to such as the Foysters. Even at the time I was aware that the Foysters were people of a kind that I had never seen before. They gave out an air of perfectly unselfconscious superiority, or a kind of quality that the rest of us lacked.

I can see Major Foyster, after all these years, with a perfect precision. He was very tall, sandy-haired and blue-eyed. He affected tweeds—knickerbockers, that is to say, and a Norfolk jacket—and he smoked cheroots.

Mrs. Foyster was a beauty, and I can see her quite clearly, too. She had all the languid, indolent perfection of her breed and her times. She had been born to be on top of the world, and there she was on the top of it without pausing to question her right to be there.

Then there was Penelope. Penelope Foyster was the first, quite literally the first, child I had ever met for more than a passing moment. I had never had a friend of my own age, and play with another child was an occupation quite unknown to me.

Yet the curious thing is that I cannot now really remember what Penelope Foyster looked like. I have an impression of pallor and of scrupulous neatness, and I think she had dark ringlets. What she did exude to an extraordinary degree—though I didn't realize it at the time—was the exclusiveness of her background. She looked straight through and past the world in general. She was not interested.

To me she was something quite strange and wholly unexpected.

"*I* was born in India," she said to me when we met on the drive outside our drawing-room window. This, I could see even then, was a statement right out on its own and not intended as something to follow up. She added, "I don't like it here. It's horrid."

Just then, I remember, my grandmother's pomeranian dog rushed out of the house towards us.

Penelope drew herself slightly away and the pom stopped in its tracks. "Mummy says poms are yappy little dogs," she said, and she added a phrase that I have never forgotten: "Barkative, mummy says. Is yours?"

I don't suppose that Penelope was conscious, for a moment, of having said anything rather pointed; and, since she was the only child I'd ever spoken to, nor was I. I didn't know what rude was. So I just said, "Oh, yes, very," and there was an immediate end of it because Penelope was off with another statement.

"Tomorrow," said Penelope, "a man's coming to make me a playpit with sand in it. And I'm going to have shapes."

I didn't know what shapes were, so I just said, "Oh," but I remember thinking that when the playpit came then play would start—the play I had heard so much about in the books my mother had read to me.

THEN Mrs. Foyster's voice came out of an open window with the air of a well-bred singer beginning a ballad. "Pe-enelope, Pe-enelope, Pe-en-*e-e*lope," she chanted, and then desisted as though from sheer weariness of the effort.

"That's my mummy," said Penelope. "I must go." And she went.

When the playpit was installed next day, Penelope moved into possession with the cool composure of privilege. I saw her do so from the landing window and I also saw what I took to be the shapes. Penelope's crackly nurse brought them out in a cardboard box and with them a spade and a bucket. The tin shapes were of brilliant colours, and, to my eyes at the landing window, they cast up an irresistible charm. I knew them for objects more beautiful than anything I had ever beheld. In their way they were like the Foysters—remote and exquisite.

About a week after the installation of the playpit I was bidden, rather than invited, to tea. After tea we went out to the playpit.

There was the one spade there, and the one bucket, and eight shapes. I handled them with awe, turning them over and over in my hands and staring at their almost unbelievable colours.

"I'm going to dig," said Penelope, as was her right so to do, and she dug. I fondled and arranged the shapes. Beneath them the moist sand took on their flutings and scallopings. There was a magic over my end of the playpit, but there was, as it were, no play.

When Penelope suddenly stopped digging and said, "I shall play in my pit again tomorrow," I stopped what I was doing, too. It was the natural thing to do. And a moment or so later Penelope's nurse came stilting over the grass to inform us that the session was over anyway. Penelope seemed relieved.

"Pick up your things, Miss Penelope," said the nurse, and I began to help. I handed over the cardboard box of shapes and the nurse began to poke them under the string loops with which they were attached to the card inside.

"Why," she said, "there's one missing."

We spent quite a while hunting for the missing shape. I thought perhaps it had dropped on the nursery floor before we came out, so we went and looked there without result. Old Emmie, my rather rough-and-tumble nursery governess, arrived at this moment to fetch me home, and *she* heard about the loss of the shape. Penelope, weeping, ran into the passage calling, "Daddy, Da-addy, I've lost one of my shapes." Major Foyster appeared and began to peep and peer about. From the window I could see Mrs. Foyster prodding in the long grass by the playpit with a parasol.

The fuss about the missing shape was on a scale that was quite extraordinary to me, and highly alarming, since the shape—a lemon-coloured one like a moon—was clenched in my damp hand at the very bottom of my pocket. But I went on searching with the others, hoping that my eyes gleamed with a light of expectancy as I turned back corners of carpets and looked behind curtains.

As we left I could see that Penelope had lost whatever interest she had ever had in me, and something told me that I would never play in the sandpit again.

LOOKING back, I cannot describe the nature of the emotion that filled me as we walked the few yards home. I can only remember that it was intense—appallingly so. I ran down to the end of the garden and put the shape under one of the stones in the rockery. The next day I put it under another one. The next day at the back of the woodpile. How many times I moved the shape from place to place I cannot say, for it seemed to me that, left long enough anywhere, that brilliant lemon colour was bound to shine through like the moon it was.

I do know, however, that it was under the fence by the garden gate when the Foysters moved. There was never any

talk of their moving at the time they did so—not that we ever had much talk with the Foysters. They came once to our house; my parents went once to theirs. As for Penelope, I suppose, the number of times I met her could be counted on the fingers of my two hands. I saw her in the distance, in fawn leggings, riding her pony in the meadow, and, from the landing window, I saw her in the sandpit. But I did meet her when she moved.

That night—or rather early morning—I shall never forget. What awoke me, I suppose, was the moon, risen late and pouring over my face. It certainly could not have been the whisper of subdued activity from the Foyster's drive. I went to my window and looked out into the warm, silver night. A footstep crunched lightly on the gravel, and I heard Major Foyster's voice, very low, say something I could not distinguish. There was something very important and adventurous going on.

I slipped on my dressing-gown, tip-toed down the moonlit stairs and into the garden. I reached the garden gate and peered through. An electric brougham, its roof piled with luggage, was standing on the slope of the little drive, and people were tip-toeing softly between it and the open front door.

Then I saw Penelope. She was standing not six feet away from me. I stepped forward. "Hallo," I said.

Penelope Foyster turned and regarded me. Then she let fall one of her famous statements. "*We're* moving," she announced.

"What a funny time to move," I said, "in the middle of the night," and then I knew that this was a foolish thing to say—the Foysters didn't have "funny times." They were their own strange law.

Penelope said distantly, "We *always* move in the middle of the night."

"Wait," I whispered, "wait," and I turned from her with an indescribable emotion. I went to the fence by our gate, and in a second I was back with the shape in my hand.

"Here," I said, "please take it. I—I stole it that day."

For a second she peered at what she held. Then fiercely she pressed it against her chest. Now I cannot pretend to remember the precise phrase which was the last ever spoken to me by Penelope Foyster. She was only a little girl, so I doubt if it was very polished.

But I know what the effect of it was, and I know what it might have been if she were a little older. Her eyes, anyway, would have been the same—cold, icy and disdainful by natural right. What she conveyed to me needed just two words, spat out.

"You *would*"—just that. It was all the natural contempt of the high cast for the untouchable. It was the most impressive encounter I have ever had in my life.

I drew back to my side of the fence and watched with awe and wonderment the incredible Foysters making—by natural right—their midnight move.

I didn't know, of course, until years later that this action was what people call "shooting the moon." It caused a great stir in Grange Way.

Now I suppose some psychiatrist would explain all this to me and say that I was "stealing love" or some such thing. But I know better. I stole for the sake of doing something familiar and understandable in the strange world of those rare people the Foysters. That's all. And their world rapped me good and hard for the first—and the last—time.

So Penelope is dead, eh? I'm sorry, really, for she must have been one hell of a woman. I bet she was riding one hell of a horse, too!

Come off it, girl!

by HERBERT HODGE

Film star technique only makes him start counting the cost

I KNOW A MAN whose favourite pastime is playing the piano at a girls' club. The other evening, he took me with him—not to sing or dance, of course; but to see if I could help him with a question that had been apparently troubling some of the girls for some time. "Why," they wanted to know, "do men select goodlooking girls for their wives instead of intelligent ones?"

Their question seemed to me to take far too much for granted. For one thing, it suggests that a goodlooking girl isn't likely to be intelligent, and that an intelligent girl isn't likely to be goodlooking, which is nonsense.

Many women seem to think it's a mistake for a woman to let a man think she's highly intelligent until after they're safely married. They feel the extent of a wife's intelligence should dawn on a husband gradually. And perhaps they're right. It's what they call the art of managing a man.

Still, these unmarried girls were not concerned so much with the art of managing a man as with the art of getting a man to manage.

Looking at them, I didn't think they'd have much difficulty in attracting a man. But the trouble with inexperienced girls is that they're apt to believe love is like the pictures; and that the easiest way to attract a man is to try to look like a film star.

They forget that even the most romantic lover is liable to become extremely cost-conscious at the first serious thought of marriage. And anything that reminds him of a film star will probably also remind him of how much she costs to keep.

If ever I write a film about love, I shall show the inexpensive kind of romance. It will open with the hero, a young man living alone in lodgings, going out to a dance one evening with a big hole in the heel of his sock.

We see a lot of close-ups of this hole, showing how, during the dance, it gets bigger and bigger, until everybody's noticing it and laughing behind his back. All of a sudden, he notices it himself.

With their callous laughter ringing in his ears, he slinks out of the dance hall, covered with shame.

How Very Sweet!

But as he stumbles along the street, towards the canal, thinking he'll never be able to live it down, he hears the patter of girlish feet behind him.

It's a sweet little girl he's hardly noticed before—the one girl at the dance who didn't laugh. She's got a needle and a card of wool in her hand. They sit down together on the canal bank in the moonlight, and she darns his sock.

That's only the beginning, of course. There'll be lots more in it. It all leads up to the big scene where the heroine softly steals into the hero's lodgings, while he's out at work, and collects all his dirty socks and underclothes.

When the hero gets back, he's frantic at his loss. He rushes round to tell the heroine. But she takes him by the hand and leads him through the passage, out into the backyard—where all his socks, shirts and pyjamas, beautifully washed and mended, are fluttering on the line.

If only I could have shown those girls at the club a film like that, I think it would have told them almost all they needed to know.

The only difficulty is that, in real life, a young man's always liable to have a strong-minded mother who takes care that no other woman gets the chance to lay a finger on a sock.

But when the sock approach is hopeless, there's always the psychological approach. This is even more certain. A friend of mine told me about it the other day. He said he'd just discovered the secret of successful courtship.

As he's already married and nearly sixty, I told him he might as well pass it on to me. He very kindly did. And when I was at the girls' club (remembering *I* was already married and nearly fifty), I thought I might as well pass it on to them.

It's absurdly simple—yet I feel sure it's absolutely sound. Most of us, when we want to attract someone of the opposite sex, begin by trying to show off. We think that's the only way to convince them how wonderful we are.

He'll Fall for This

But the fact is, it's the other way about. If you've really set your heart on attracting a particular man, the best thing to do is to sit down quietly beside him and gently encourage him to tell you his troubles.

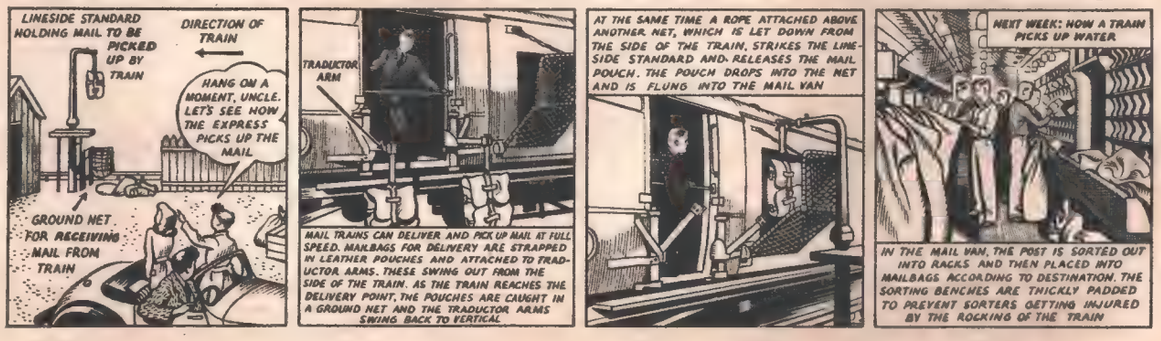
It doesn't matter how strong and handsome and self-possessed he looks, you can safely bet he's full of secret troubles. We all are.

Tackle a man on those lines, and he's yours for keeps, whenever you want him. The more you encourage him to pour out his troubles to you, the more wonderful he'll think you are—until at last he'll feel he can't possibly live without you.

All the same, I don't think I'd care to try this method, myself. I'm quite sure it would be successful, but it seems to me there's one big drawback to it. Once you'd started your romance on those lines and achieved the happy marriage, you'd obviously be expected to go on listening to his (or her) troubles for the rest of your natural life. Speaking as a man, I don't think I could keep it up.

UNCLE ANDY

The Mail Express


LINESIDE STANDARD HOLDING MAIL TO BE PICKED UP BY TRAIN
DIRECTION OF TRAIN
HANG ON A MOMENT, UNCLE. LET'S SEE HOW THE EXPRESS PICKS UP THE MAIL
GROUND NET FOR RECEIVING MAIL FROM TRAIN
TRADUCTOR ARM
MAIL TRAINS CAN DELIVER AND PICK UP MAIL AT FULL SPEED. MAILBAGS FOR DELIVERY ARE STRAPPED IN LEATHER POUCHES AND ATTACHED TO TRADUCTOR ARMS. THESE SWING OUT FROM THE SIDE OF THE TRAIN. AS THE TRAIN REACHES THE DELIVERY POINT, THE POUCHES ARE CAUGHT IN A GROUND NET AND THE TRADUCTOR ARMS SWING BACK TO VERTICAL
AT THE SAME TIME A ROPE ATTACHED ABOVE ANOTHER NET, WHICH IS LET DOWN FROM THE SIDE OF THE TRAIN, STRIKES THE LINESIDE STANDARD AND RELEASES THE MAIL POUCH. THE POUCH DROPS INTO THE NET AND IS FLUNG INTO THE MAIL VAN
NEXT WEEK: HOW A TRAIN PICKS UP WATER
IN THE MAIL VAN, THE POST IS SORTED OUT INTO RACKS AND THEN PLACED INTO MAILBAGS ACCORDING TO DESTINATION. THE SORTING BENCHES ARE THICKLY PADDED TO PREVENT SORTERS GETTING INJURED BY THE ROCKING OF THE TRAIN

WHY WORRY?

WORRY uses an immense amount of vital force. People who worry not only use up their energy during the day by worrying, but they rob themselves of that greatest of all restoratives, sleep. People who worry can't sleep. They lose their appetite. They often end up by getting really ill. How often have you heard it said "I am worried to death"?

Nothing is more discouraging to a worrying person than to have someone say, "Oh, don't worry, it will all come out right."

Half fees for serving and ex-Service members of His Majesty's Forces (Apply for Services Enrolment Form)

This is not reassuring at all. The worrying one can't see how it is going to come out all right. But if the men and women who worry could be shown how to overcome the troubles and difficulties that cause worry, they soon would cease wasting their very life-blood in worrying.

You say that sounds plausible, but can it be done?

It can be done, and is being done by Pelmanism every day in the year. This is all the more remarkable because today the whole world is in an upset condition and people are worrying to an unusual extent. Yet, every mail brings letters to the Pelman Institute from grateful Pelmanists who have ceased to worry.

People to-day are all too prone to complain that they just have to worry. But once they become Pelmanists they cease this negative form of thought.

Remember—Everything you do is preceded by your attitude of mind

The Pelman Course is fully described in a book entitled *"The Science of Success."* The Course is simple and interesting, and takes up very little time; you can enrol on the most convenient terms. The book will be sent you, gratis and post free, on application to:

PELMAN INSTITUTE
(Established over 50 years)
27, Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.
Callers welcomed

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance to remind you that although biscuits are still scarce, they remain the most compact energy food.

CVS-208

Wholesale and Export only:—
MAJOR PEN CO. LTD. 146, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.2

Johnny wouldn't write home until someone gave him a Major balltip Pen. Silken-smooth writing. Absolutely unbreakable. Fully guaranteed. Easy self-refills. The ideal gift — treat yourself to one.

Prices including Purchase Tax.
MINIMAJOR 5/9d.
6 lovely colours. Refills 1/6d.
MAJOR No. 2 12/10d.
Refills 2/-
Obtainable everywhere.

FOR MOTHER IN THE HOME

Jeyes' Fluid is a real help in the home. Simply add two tablespoonfuls to each gallon of water used for cleaning floors, lino, paintwork, tiles, etc. It disinfects as it cleans, safeguarding health, and makes the work easier too. Germs and Jeyes' can't live together.

FOR FATHER IN THE GARDEN

Now is the time to sterilise your soil for next season. Seedlings grown in clean soil develop quicker and can withstand climatic changes and attacks by insects better.

When digging, water each square yard with a solution of one tablespoonful of **JEYES' FLUID** in a gallon of water. *Write for 'Garden Pests' Booklet.*

JEYES' FLUID *Disinfectant*

JEYES' SANITARY COMPOUNDS COMPANY LTD., MILLBROOK, CHIGWELL, ESSEX

THIS crisp, delicious breakfast food **WILL** help you to feel really WELL— **BRING YOU** new energy that means **REAL** good health, just due to sheer **WELL-BEING!**

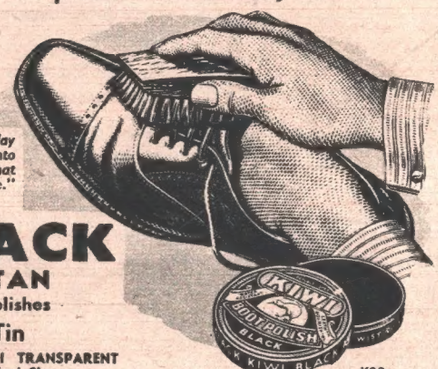
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

HERE'S HOW: The soft foods eaten nowadays are almost entirely absorbed, and give bowel muscles no "bulk" to grip. You feel tired, lack "go." All-Bran provides missing bulk and gently, naturally, keeps the system regular. Result: freedom from constipation within a week or two.

Not a drug, not a medicine — but a food that adds to today's starchy, soft diet nature's own precious *bulk*, in delicious, ready-to-serve-for-breakfast form. Sometimes in a day or two, generally within a fortnight, All-Bran starts you on a new lease of life, makes you wonder how you lived without it!

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
gives you "go"—slims you down—makes you "regular"!
From all grocers, 7½d. a packet.

"Yes, KIWI gives a dazzling shine . . . and preserves the leather, too . . ."



"Polishing your shoes with KIWI every day brushes KIWI's rich waxes deep down into the leather . . . keeping it supple so that your shoes stay shapely and comfortable."
"ALWAYS BUY KIWI"

KIWI BLACK

KIWI DARK TAN
and all other Stain Polishes
STILL **8d. Per Tin**
Ask also for KIWI BLUE and KIWI TRANSPARENT specially manufactured for Ladies' Shoes

K33

Smoother hands easier washdays with *FAIRY* soap

Your hands will stay smoother when you use Fairy Household Soap. That's because Fairy is pure soap and contains no harmful soda. Mild and thorough in action, Fairy cleans the dirtiest wash completely, easily — and is safest for skin and delicate fabrics.

Always ask for Olive Green FAIRY SOAP

BUILD UP RESISTANCE TO WINTER INFECTIONS

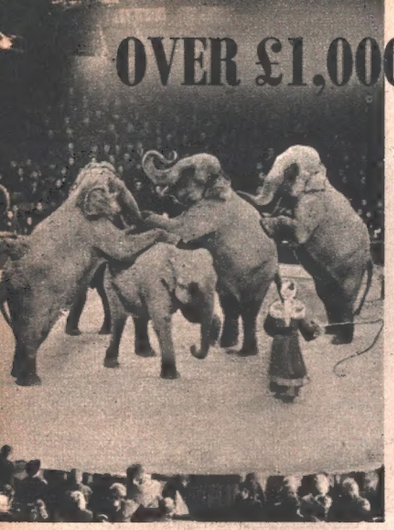
Keep the sunshine in your system through the grey days. Angier's Halibut Liver Oil is a rich, *natural* source of the 'sunshine' vitamin D and also of the 'protective' vitamin A. As prepared in capsules by Angiers, Halibut Liver Oil is so easy to take, costs so little, and may make a great deal of difference to your health throughout the winter weather.

Start now to build up your natural resistance to colds, 'flu, and winter infections: one capsule two or three times daily according to individual needs is sufficient. 100 capsules 7/6—50 for 4/-.

ANGIER'S HALIBUT LIVER OIL

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD., 86 CLERKENWELL Rd. LONDON, E.C.1

OVER £1,000 in "Bullets" CHEQUES for CHRISTMAS



"COME to London for a glorious New Year Celebration for two, including a visit to Bertram Mills' famous circus!"

That will be the thrilling invitation sent by telegram on Friday, December 17, to the £750 First Prize-winner in this week's unprecedented Christmas offer. The £750 cheque and 99 others now waiting to be won will reach their winners by Christmas Eve, so will those won in this week's all-cash Crossword Offer.

It is too late to win a Christmas Parcel or Cake in *Bullets*, but qualify as directed and you will receive in good time for December 25 a hamper packed with £7 worth of seasonable luxuries listed below. Start now on your *Bullets* for this fine offer of over £1,000 in Christmas cash and millionaires' hampers!

FIRST PRIZE

£750 CASH

PLUS NEW YEAR

CELEBRATION

in London for Two

99 OTHER CHEQUES ARRIVING CHRISTMAS EVE

£50, £25, £20, £15

£10, 4 of £5, 10 of £2

30 of £1.10s., 50 of £1

2,000 Special "Good Shots"

BONUSES—£7 XMAS HAMPERS

All you need for your festivities, including 10-lb. CHRISTMAS BIRD, 4-lb. CHRISTMAS PUDDING, 4-lb. ICED FRUIT CAKE, CRYSTALLIZED FRUIT, JAR of GINGER, DESSERT NUTS, CHERRIES in syrup, assorted SOUPS, COFFEE, DESSERT DATES, Special Virginia CIGARETTES, CRACKERS and a bottle of FINE OLD PORT!

Presented with each prize of £2 or over if won with *Bullet* on fully-completed 8-effort coupon or 8-effort plain-paper sheet.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,658 (or XWORD 610) "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.).

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Shopkeeper Britannia
Hand Of Friendship
Merrier Christmas
In Queer Street
Next Year
Better Man
Presents
More Or Less
Guiding Star
The Third Time
Too Long
Like A Clown
Boy Met Girl And
Fall Of The Mighty
Being Awkward
The Baby
Little Bit Of Heaven
Left Out
In The Chorus
To Feed The Brute

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

When Dad Played.....
All Her.....
Something For.....
.....Stocking
Plague Of.....
What's Wrong With.....

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated December 25, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 606 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Goat. 2, Plans. 6, Eagre. 8, Mood. 9, Ton. 10, Bear. 12, Teal. 13, Bind. DOWN: 1, Gate. 3, Lace. 4, Ties. 5, Beans. 7, Aces. 8, Modes. 11, Cat.

SIX £100 SHARERS (differing at one point only from competitors' Answers above): James Barnes, London, W.9; Miss E. Holdsworth, Ilkley, Yorks; A. Smith, Ickenham, Middx.; R. P. Tarrant, Littlehampton; H. J. Ward, London, N.W.8; M. B. Williams, Pwllheli, N. Wales.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 45 entrants (differing at two points only from Answers above. In addition the 51 Winners and Runners-up receive 6 lb. Xmas Feasts.

"BULLETS" WINNERS No. 1,654

FIRST PRIZE, £250: Mrs. F. E. Shepherd, Homecot, Curnicks Lane, Norwood, S.E.27: WE DON'T MIND HARNESS, BUT—"BLINKERS" AND "MUZZLES"? NO!

SECOND PRIZE, £25: Mrs. M. McHugh, 58 Mary Street, Blackburn: THROUGH THE FOG—OR WORLD'S "NOVEMBER" ENDLESS.

THIRD PRIZE, £10: F. J. Evans, 92 Newark Road, Luton: WHERE THE MONEY GOES—WHERE MONEY GROWS? SENSE!

OTHER AWARDS. £9: Mrs. D. Arkell, 115 Mandale Road, Middlesbrough: WHERE THE MONEY GOES—MILK, DINNERS—GOLDEN "NEST-EGG." £8: T. Redmond, 24 Rowney Road, Dagenham: THROUGH THE FOG—BOMBERS YESTERDAY—TRAINS WHEN? £7: P. V. Arculus, 139 Canterbury Grove, S.E.27: FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH—TO POWER—TO "GLORY"? £6: E. Shearman, 34 Regent Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, 21: LEFT TO ME—AND YOU, JOHN'S "FORTUNE."

FIVE of £5: G. H. Bruty, 13 The Brent, Dartford: CERTAIN WHETSTONE—FOR WESTMINSTER "DAGGERS," STEEL. J. W. Henshaw, 12 Wrightson Avenue, Warmsworth, Doncaster: THE OTHER PATIENT—EXPECTED *Me* TO SWERVE! C. M. Holmes, "Lynwood," Playing Place, Truro: FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH—TRUMAN, AFTER READING "OBITUARY"! Mrs. A. Maypother, 19 Crown Street, Liverpool, 7: SEEMS TO ME—WORLD IN ATOMIC "*Cage*." I. M. O'Ryan, Oaklands, Ferring, Worthing: TOO SLOW—HEALING *Housewife's* "WAR WOUNDS."

Above 12 winners also receive 14-lb. Christmas Parcels. Winners of 25 further Parcels and 100 Cakes have been notified and 1,500 "Good Shots" posted.

INCREASED XWORD CASH for XMAS

£150

First Prize, £100—Runners-up share £50 CASH—all cheques in time for Christmas

THIS WAY TO WIN

First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 610**

1. There's a snare in these
4. One will rarely go out of its own accord
6. May have to deal with drainage
9. Shrewd business man hates to be caught in one
12. May rise more than you wish it to do
13. A public school has its own this
14. May account for much bitterness

Down Clues

1. In some parts of the country you will come across climbers on these
2. To be able to draw one, you need to be taught
3. The most modern weapons could render one useless
5. One is not easily moved
7. Certain kind of roll is associated with
8. It would be a difficult job to raise one again from ocean bed
10. Not everybody appreciates a good one
11. This of a city is of historic interest

ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE for Special CHRISTMAS "BULLETIN" ISSUE dated Dec. 18

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.

Completing coupon (8 efforts, 2s.) secures Hamper Bonus—see above.

Closing Postmark, **1,658** MON. DEC. 6
I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....
No. .....

Signed .....
Address .....
.....
.....

EXTRA CASH FOR THIS XMAS XWORD

1W	O			D	S	■	■	2	■	3				
A	S	■	■	■	T	A	■	O	H	O				
4L	A	5M	■	■	■	6S	■	W	E	R				
■	■	■	■	7	■	■	■	L	I	T				
S	A	T	■	A	M	P	■	F	■	■				
■	D	E	8C	R	Y	■	9	■	E	T				
10P	A	■	■	■	■	■	11	■	R	E				
O	M	■	12B	R	■	A	D	■	■	S				
■	■	O	L	D	■	L	A	S	T					
13T	■	N	E	■	14	L	U	M	610					

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated December 18.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

610 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 6
I enclose P.O. value....
No. .....

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

Write to John Bull About It

John Bull's expert advisers help to solve readers' personal problems. Answers on points of general interest will be published each week

State Scholarships

J. B. (Guildford): If you win a State scholarship for university training, you cannot demand to be sent to Oxford or Cambridge. At least half the scholarships will be tenable at Oxford, Cambridge or London; the rest at other universities. You will be asked to give five preferences and will be awarded a place in one of the five. The number of State scholarships has been increased to 800. They are open to candidates who have been educated at a secondary school and have passed the Higher Schools examination. No grant for fees or maintenance will be made where the parents' income is over £1,500 a year.

Lonesome

T. S. P. (Manchester): You say you are just as lonely in a big city as if you were in the middle of a moor, but you can cure this trouble if you make the effort. You say you don't care for hiking, cycling or tennis, but have you considered joining an evening institute? There must be some subject which appeals to you, and you would meet plenty of other people there with similar interests. Another good cure for loneliness in the evenings is to join an amateur dramatic society.

Dentists' Fees

A. H. (Ware): A dentist has complete freedom of choice as to whether he accepts a patient under the National Health Service or not. If a dentist decides the only treatment needed by a patient is a single extraction, this can, of course, be carried out under the service. But if other treatment is considered necessary and the patient is not willing to undergo it, then it is quite likely that the dentist will refuse to treat him under the service and will make a charge for the extraction.

Tax Relief

J. W. (Oakham): A man living apart from his wife cannot claim any income tax relief for a housekeeper unless he has at least one child under the age of sixteen in his custody.

Starting a Nursery

N. T. (Newcastle): If you wish to run a nursery, the premises to be used for this purpose must be approved by and registered with the Medical Officer of Health. Should you introduce teaching, the nursery school must be registered with the Education Officer for your district.

Broken Glasses

T. W. (Saltash): Repairs to glasses that are not supplied under the National Health Service are carried out free of charge, provided they do not require any special parts or type of lens outside the range of those supplied under the service. Another condition is this: if two years have passed since the sight was last tested, another test must be carried out first. You will also have to prove that the damage was not caused by your own carelessness.

Readers' queries (except medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

beauty HAS A BETTER CHANCE TO-DAY

Fashions in great grandmama's day were very attractive—to look at. So demure, so charming . . . the rustle of silken petticoats . . . the tight little waist. Captivating! But *not* designed for feminine comfort. Poor great grandmama! How she would have loved the simplicity of modern dress, the freedom which women know today—freedom which is exemplified in a dozen ways but in none so much as in Tampax. For Tampax means an end to old-time belts and pins and pads . . . release from doubt and discomfort . . . freedom for action and to wear what you like at all times. And from these freedoms come that sense of security and perfect peace of mind which are the foundations of beauty.

TAMPAX

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally

REGULAR TAMPAX No. 1. In packets of 10 . . . . . 1/9
★ NEW SUPER ABSORBENT TAMPAX No. 2. In packets of 10 . . 2/-

TAMPAX LTD., BELVUE ROAD, NORTHOLT, MIDDLESEX

Always Fresh

For effective medication, iron must be in a fresh, unoxydised state, *i.e.* ferrous iron. Once it is oxydised into ferric iron it is useless. Hence the importance of the special process used in the preparation of Iron Jelloids, for it is this process which ensures that the iron-content of the Jelloids will still be fresh and effective whenever the Iron Jelloids are taken. Again available in two sizes, 1/6 & 3/8, including purchase tax.

Iron Jelloids

The Reliable Blood-builder and Tonic

The Iron Jelloid Co Ltd Watford Herts

ACHILLE SERRE
Quality Cleaning and Dyeing plus D.D.T. Mothproofing
plus...
RETEX
Retex gives a new and lasting lustre to silks and satins, and firmness and resilience to woollens.
BRANCHES AND AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CENTRES

Snowfire

HEALING

Tablet

heals chapped hands overnight

4½d

and larger sizes

At the first sign of a COUGH

take **Lobelline.** It's the answer to all family coughs and chest troubles. It's Britain's finest remedy for coughs, bronchitis and bronchial troubles *in young and old.*

An irritating cough or a cold on the chest may, if neglected—lead to something worse. Purely herbal, quick in action, **Lobelline** relieves the tickle, cuts the phlegm, soothes the chest and restores normal breathing. A good night's sleep is assured. Children love its nice flavour, grown-ups appreciate its speedy effectiveness. Always keep a bottle of **Lobelline** handy—it is your safeguard this winter.

Lobelline
For every Kind of COUGH
From all chemists, 1/7 & 3/9½ inc. tax

FINAL OPPORTUNITY!

ONLY JUST PUBLISHED!

THE FINEST CHILDREN'S BOOK EVER OFFERED!

The CHILDREN'S WONDER BOOK IN COLOUR (No. 2)

NEARLY **200** BIG PAGES
NEARLY **100** IN FULL COLOUR
OVER 200 ILLUSTRATIONS
OVER 40 FEATURES BY FAMOUS WRITERS AND ARTISTS

ENTIRELY NEW—GET IT NOW!

HURRY! This big, NEW immensely popular book is selling out fast. Seize this last chance to get in time for Christmas, the most beautiful, colourful and exciting children's book ever seen. Size 13 in. by 9 in. 192 extra-large pages—96 in rich glowing, full-colour gravure. Over 200 brilliant illustrations by famous artists. Packed with adventures and stories by favourite writers, comic strips, interest articles, tricks, hobbies and games. The perfect gift! It's thrilling—instructive—absorbing! Lovely coloured end-papers, coloured jacket. Special privilege prices! Standard Edition, bookcloth 8s. 6d. De Luxe Edition, durable leathercloth, 2s. 6d. Prices include postage, insurance etc. Don't delay! ACT TODAY.

DO THIS NOW Complete Order Label below, indicate edition and number of books required, post with P.O. to: Book Dept. J.F.2., Odhams Press Ltd., 49 Neal Street, London, W.C.2. Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross / & Co./. Offer applies only in U.K. and Eire and closes December 8.

FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you are not fully satisfied with this book and it is returned in good condition within 7 days your money will be refunded.

POST THIS FORM AT ONCE!

Send me.....copy/ies of "Children's Wonder Book in Colour, 2." I enclose.....

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

If undelivered return to Book Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 49, Neal Street, London, W.C.2. C.B.O.2/J.F.2/57/11/48

Strike out Edition NOT required.
STAND. 8s. 6d.
DE LUXE 2s. 6d.
No. Copies wanted

"ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES"

This unique handbook shows the easiest way to secure **A.M.I.Mech.E., A. M. Brit. I. R. E., A.M.I.E.E., CITY and GUILDS, etc.**

WE GUARANTEE—"NO PASS—NO FEE." Details are given of over 150 home-study Diploma Courses in all Branches of **Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero, Radio-Television and Production Engineering, Govt. Employment, Plastics, Matriculation,** etc. Safeguard your future: send for your copy at once—FREE.

B.I.E.T., 56 SHAKESPEARE HOUSE, 17 STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.1

CHESTY?

If your cold is severe and has settled on the chest, rub 'Mentholatum' Balm liberally on your throat, chest and back when going to bed. 'Mentholatum' Balm penetrates deep through the tissues, loosens tightness and breaks up mucus accumulations—relieving soreness and inflammation. All this goes on while you sleep. Get a jar or tin today.

MENTHOLATUM BALM

From all Chemists in Tins and Jars 1/7 (inc. tax)

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage on single copies: Inland 1½d. Canada and Abroad, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 3d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

MIRRO makes your pans gleam BRIGHTER

Saucepans shining! Frying pans gleaming!
Your whole kitchen sparkling!
No wonder you're kitchen proud—
Mirro keeps everything so bright and clean,
your sink and tiles as well as pots and pans.
Grease goes *quickly . . . easily . . .*
when Mirro is on the job!
Remember—always insist on Mirro, the
quick-action cleanser that can't scratch.

KILLS GREASE IN 10 SECONDS

"I like this New SUPER OXYDOL best of all!"

SAYS MRS. S. SPICER
12, Hollinshead Ave. Milehouse
Newcastle-under-Lyme
Staffs.

Mrs. Spicer, who has two children, goes out to work. "This Super Oxydol certainly helps me with my wash" she says.

HERE'S WHY:

1 IT GIVES NEARLY TWICE THE LATHER

You see what Mrs. Spicer says, lady? Well, she's only one. The fact is, thousands and thousands of housewives are asking for this wonderful new Super Oxydol now. Why? Because they've found in actual use, that the new Super Oxydol gives nearly twice as much lather. Does nearly twice as much washing, too. And they've proved for themselves *that only Super Oxydol has this amazing new power.*

There's lots more about this new Super Oxydol. First, it contains no bleach or harsh chemicals of any kind. Then, its amazing new kind of lather goes on easing out every last possible speck of dirt until your whites are whiter than they were ever washed before. Colours brighter, too. And it's so gentle your clothes last wash after wash. Make sure you ask for Super Oxydol first every time.

2 IT DOES NEARLY TWICE THE WASH

3 IT GETS WHITES WHITER WITHOUT BLEACHING!

NEW SUPER OXYDOL

GIVES MORE LATHER... CONTAINS NO BLEACH!